Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOL. XV. *Philadelphia, November 12, 1836.* Whole No. 792.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

RUTH.

On Judah's mountains see the sun arise,
And o'er that land, once happy, now depressed,
Scatter his cheering and enlivening rays—
Yet comfort brings he not to Israel,
For famine with her exile—numerous train—
Stalks now among them with vindictive wrath,
The dearth prevails; and many have their homes,
To seek, perhaps, in more favored lands.
Among the number, is Elimelech—
His wife Naomi—and their offspring dear—
Two singing youths, Mahlon and Chilion,
The journey they pursue till they have reached
The land of Moab, and continue there—
But Death, relentless, darts his blight upon
Unfolding youth—sickness closes eyes
Then happy home, and in succession—death,
The fill distresses wean from their embrace,
The husband, parent, per-sons, and peace,
What lamentation, what distress was there—
While in the grave he from his native land,
They bill Elimelech—

Time passed with rapid wing,
And her, two sons had come to sire's estate,
Each took their wives from Moab's women fair,
Orpah and Ruth companions—for a while
Her journey she pursues, then sudden stops,
And in them with a solemn voice reprais,
(While tears course down her furrowed countenance)
"Go home ye both unto your mothers home,
And may Jehovah deal propitiously
And kindly with ye as ye have with me,
And to the sleeping dead—my loving sons—
Place may you find in this world and the next."
Then she kissed them, and their affection's kiss bestows
Upon them both, and in return they weep.
They cannot leave her for they feel as if a tie
As strong as death has bound them to her—
"We will not go thitherward" his to plead,
But as the spouse shall her return, "Nay,
Turn, dear sisters, turn again why will ye go,
Think ye I can more sons on you bestow,
As partners of your sorrows and your joys—
Turn I beseech ye, for it grieves me much
That God so sorely hath afflicted me."
Again she kissed them and again they wept,
Orpah returns; but former then believes,
Ruth cleaves to her, and follow her she would,
Naomi spoke—" Thy sister hath gone back
Into her country, kindred, and her Gods,
Why goest thou not?"
"Entreat me now no more,
For where thou goest there will I follow thee,
Thy lodging place, thy God, thy people mine—
Where'er thou dies will I—a common grave
Receive us both."
For though her death spell can part us,
Nor cannot we meet—for she could say no more,
Their journey they pursue, to Bethlehem come,
Now changes from her who long ago went out
With song and husband—happy family,
Where are they now and what young stranger this
That so attendant closely follows her"—
To this Naomi says—
"Ah, call me that no more, 'tis Mara now
For since affliction and has been my lot
And Israel's God has sorely chastised me;
Those whom I loved have gone—they sleep away,
Far far away in Moab's heathen land;
And I have come, poor, weary, aged and sad
To lay me down in the our favoured land,
And sleep the sleep of death.

The maiden here
With filial kindness came along with me,
She keeps her home, her kindred and her Gods,
Here to abide and serve the only Lord."
"Come then, we surely will afford
A shelter to thy houseless, homeless head,
Come live with us, then, and this pious maid
And share the plenty Israel enjoys.

E. C. J.

From the National Atlas.

A FRAGMENT OF FLIRTATION.

In front of one of those classical edifices of white marble which entitle Florence to be ranked among the most beau ful of the cities of Italy, stood a young and interesting looking man. Though rather above the middle height, his limbs were so well proportioned that he did not appear to be more than of ordinary stature. The features of his face were cast in the mould of manly beauty.

Not his the form nor his the eye
That youthful romance wins to fly.

A high intellectual forehead—an eye dark, brilliant and penetrating—a nose altogether Grecian—aye Grecian! for how the Roman nose could ever have ventured a competition with the Grecian for an equal, much less a superior claim to beauty, we cannot imagine. Its pretensions to dignity or reverence we freely admit. While the outlines of his lips presented that graceful curve, and the lips themselves that delicacy of texture and colour so essential to female beauty, they possessed more expression, or close indeed as to be painful, indicated decision of character and intensity of thought: But the most perfect regularity of feature possesses but little to attract if it wants the expression which emanates from the soul: neither was this absent in the youth whom we are just attempting to describe, for in his countenance beamed intelligence and romance.

For some hours he had been anxiously gazing up the long street, the flush of impatience was visible in his excited countenance, the veins in his forehead were swollen and turgid. Time after time did he refer to his watch, but alas! Time cares not to keep pace with the quick beatings of lover's hearts. At length he heard a more intense hoot and the countenance of the youth brightens with the glow of pleasure.

Slowly approaching, we cannot say walking, for her movements might rather be compared to the graceful motions of a summer cloud borne along by the mild zephyrs and indolent of zephyrs, he beheld Lenguida, she for whom he had been waiting for a time which to him seemed an age. A smile of pleased recollection acknowledged his presence; she reached the place where he stood, he approached and in a voice whose tones were tremulous with feeling, murmured, "will the beauteous Lenguida forgive this intrusion of the most humble of her admirers!" It was the first time he had ever dared to address her. Yet although the language of speech had never till then passed between them, in the language of the heart as expressed by the eyes they had often held converse. Startled though not displeased, Lenguida bent her head to the ground to conceal the blushes which crimsoned her face of loveliness, she could not reply. "Oh, only say that I have not already offended you, and never, never will I then offend you again! you know not, you cannot know the utter wretchedness of this doubtful uncertainty!"

The tones of his voice so sad, so melancholy, so musical, fell upon her heart like the soft breathings of the Æolian harp. "Oh no! Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice, I feel conscious of no offence believe me that to know you affords me much pleasure, but circumstances require that we should not meet here together. To-morrow night, an hour after sunset meet me in the olive bower, back of my grandfather's palace on the Arno. No, no!" in quick hurried accents she immediately continued, "I have said too much, come not I beseech you Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice, adieu! adieu!" Before he could recover from the surprise and pleasure which her words offended, she turned quickly into an adjoining street and he found himself standing alone in a chaos of love and joy!

There never was a more lovely night, even in Italy, than the one in which Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice sheltered himself in the dark shades of the Olive bower, in the gardens of Lenguida's grandfather—His feelings were a mixture of despair and hope. Her invitation—its recall—filled him with contradictory emotions. In truth, Lenguida was the child of impulse; disappointed in her estimate of the person upon whom she had bestowed her earliest affections, her heart, though still susceptible, was devoid of feeling—While anxious to confer happiness, she cared less to inflict pain.—Prodigal of the present, she was reckless of the future. Naturally of a kind and affectionate disposition, had her feelings been properly trained and cultivated, she might have been one of the best of created beings; as circumstances, however, she was the pride of her relatives and friends, and in the full enjoyment of that genuine happiness which is the result of well educated conduct.—She had become indolent in her habits and luxurious in her tastes—instead of pursuits of conditions and improvement she chose to while away the weary hours between sleep and lounging, between love-tales, romance and gallantry—the Persian poet might truly have written of her—

"Passion was in her heart and deep was in her eye."

Such is only a brief outline of the spiritual part of the afraited Lenguida.—Her personal appearance, though not striking, might be considered captivating—there was the soft voluptuous languor of her eye—a good complexion—regular features—"teeth of pearl and lips of coral," an easy and indolence of carriage, graceful and attractive. She looked as though she thought herself only worthy to be cherished, complimented and caressed. A young Italian of some penetration who knew her well, thought that with care Lenguida might still be taught true happiness, by directing her attention to objects of extreme humanity of excitement—The interview which we are about to relate between her and the detested Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice may serve still farther to illustrate her character.

The moonlight flooded the garden—and looked the brighter from being contrasted with those places where trees or shrubbery forbid its entrance. To taken the palace of the grandfather with its festal columns of white marble, and its ornaments of chaste and elegant architecture, to the abode of beings too pure for this world of sin, of sorrow and of passion, required no great stretch of the imagination. The Arno, that river immortalized in the songs of poets and the records of historians, rippled joyfully along, at one moment sporting with the moonbeams, and in the next, capriciously, like the lady along the margin of whose bowers it was wandering, leaping away and hiding itself in the purple shade of the overhanging waterlilies.—Uncounted times had Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice wished with the poet that he could annihilate a certain period of time,—such minute in love's impatient arithmetic seems an age. The hour of appointment at length arrived and soft though slow footsteps were heard,—then a rustling of bushes and now Lenguida stands revealed in the clear and transparent moonlight, her beauties enhanced by time and circumstance. A melancholy though joyful smile was on her brow, and in her soft silvery voice she whispered "O! Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice, why did you heed my foolish request, better had we never seen each other than incur the risk of certain misery!" Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice gazed upon her spell-bound—his attitude was poetry—his look was sentiment—the heaving of his manly bosom, romance—he could not articulate, but breathed a sigh so warm that had the Alps been nearer, a glacier would have loosened from its hold.

From off his right hand he drew a lemon tinted glove and as he approached nearer,

"She gave him her ruby-red hand to kiss
And he felt like a fish in a sea of bliss."

Oh! Lenguida! was all that he could utter—Beloved, romantic Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice, she sighed—Time flew rapidly away and with its flight the lovers acquired confidence—his words were eloquent—her voice was music! "Though," he continued, not been in your country alone, my Lenguida, believe me I feel all its warmth in my heart of hearts—I love your country, its customs, its manners, its people, its—its everything—I love the ruins of the days of our lands and chivalrous and castles, yet all those delights no longer exist—excise duties—tythes—pensions and rents have taken their places, and a few national ballads and the name of the Emerald Isle alone enabled me to live till a favourable opportunity offered to bear me from my native land. I trust forever!—Italy, its blue streams, its sunny hills and golden skies were ever my delight—With the beauty and charms of its accomplished daughters the world has ever resounded, but beautiful reality then far exceeds my fondest anticipation—Besides have are not in these lands pirates, banditti, barcarolos and brigands!" charming, romantic Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice!" sobbed Lenguida.

At this he passed her hand, and as he held it up to gaze upon its transparent whiteness, that little, delicate pale hand, a brilliant in a ring upon her finger flashed in the moonlight; a bright gleam shot across the face of Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice, whether a reflection from the jewel or from admiration of the beautiful hand which graced it, might be made a question.

A noise at this moment was heard in the direction of the palace—Lenguida showed much alarm; spoke of the watchful suspicion of her grandfather from whom she had great expectations and entreated him if he prized her regard, to depart immediately—Footsteps were now evidently approaching and the lovers, after a parting embrace and an appointment for the ensuing evening, separated—Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice, Octavian-like, darted rapidly down a long and dark vista of evergreens, while she with all the grace, though without the quickness of Diana retraced her steps to the palazzo.

That night Lenguida was restless and uneasy; visions danced through her brain, the greater part of which were indefinite and confused, but towards morning one appeared so distinct that she never forgot it—She thought she was in a Theatre—a place, since melodramas were forbidden, she seldom visited—the piece was redolent with brigands, disguised noblemen, secret panneis,—pages—barcaroles and vengeance—The chief of the band in the full costume of an Italian desperado was eminently prominent—his acting seemed perfection—and his voice melody—in comparison Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice was a cypher—as the piece progressed he proved to be a wronged and oppressed noble.—The dream, with one of those liberties which we believe dreams only can take, made Lenguida herself the loved object of this accomplished robber, the palace of her grandfather is assaulted and she herself is carried away. The fervour of his vow, his boundless admiration, his promises of amendment obtained her consent to unite herself with him in the holy bands of wedlock—but just as the ceremony was performing, Lenguida's grandfather entered the cavern, fired at the robber captain and bridegroom that was to be. The shot however did no other damage than to blow off the gilding from a huge chain which hung around his neck, thereby causing it to stand forth undisguised in its effronitery of Dutch metal. This unforeseen catastrophe aroused her from her slumbers and on looking for the ring which Somerville D'Orville Fitzmaurice had held up in the moonlight the preceding evening she discovered that he had slipped it from off her finger. To console herself for these multiplied mortifications she commenced a red hot romance and slept the greater part of the day.

THE VIOLET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. JUJON.

Daughter of spring whose purple flower
Loves best to hide from every eye,
In deepest shade t'unhale the shower,
Unseen to bloom—unseen to die!
Like the kind hand which succour lends
To him who seeks a home in vain,
Yet blushes at the charity he extends,
And hears his gratitude with pain.
Why dost thou not thy flower display,
Whose odours are suddenly sweet—
Show thy soft beauties to the day,
The homage of a world to meet.
Perhaps the beauty of the Rose
By some may be preferred to thine;
Fear not—the hour of evening's close
Is dearer than the day's broad shine:
Less beautiful perchance thou art,
Yet dear to friendship thou shalt be!
Love's brightest Roses wound the heart,
But thou from envious thorns art free.
Come, quit this lone and quiet dell,
And in my garden thou shalt bloom—
There, in its calm retreat shall dwell,
And cheer me with thy soft perfume.

A board properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

From the National Atlas.

PHILOSOPHY OF VEGETATION.

How wonderful is Nature! In the earth,
The tiny seed is sown, and from it springs
A tender plant that bends before the frost,
And shivers in the blast. But mark it now
When years have pass, a mighty trunk has risen,
And giant limbs that stand unscathed, and dare
The bird lightnings and the storms of flames.

Could we but put aside the veil which is thrown over our senses, and could the unremitted zeal look forth upon the operations of nature, as they take place around us, how glorious would be the privilege, how capable the enjoyment! But on the contrary, we can view the wonders around us only as through a glass darkly, and the mind too continually intruding upon the judgment. The chemical workshops, or laboratories of nature, are almost entirely closed upon our senses, and we are compelled to gain our knowledge from the results which arise from her chemistry, and the occasional glimpses we can obtain through her windows. Yet the great author of nature has given us weight enough to make us wonder at, and adore his mighty power without our knowing how and proud of our own acquisitions of knowledge.

Men generally are unaware of the fact that there are many things around us of which we know very little, though they are undergoing their changes, and working strange phenomena every day in our sight. Some of the latest advances, and most abstract operations of nature are often better understood than those which are immediately around us, and continually operating before our eyes. As an exemplification of this I will mention the phenomena which takes place in sowing the seed, and in the growth of the vegetable kingdom. There are very few, comparatively speaking, who know how the seed germinates, and the plant is nourished and grows, though they converse learnedly on the erratic disposition of comets, the attraction and gravitation of bodies, and the movement of the planets. Though they every day see them springing and growing around them, yet they are not aware that they are so absolutely necessary to human life, that the animal and vegetable kingdoms are reciprocally dependant, upon each other, and that the purity of the atmosphere is actually kept up by the oxygen which is wasted in the vegetable kingdom.

Nature is very simple in all her works, she requires but few ingredients, oxygen, hydrogen and carbon being the principal, out of which she manufactures so many varieties of forms. The earth it appears serves very little other purpose than as a matrix for the seed and plant, for in some trees, centuries of earth has ever been found in vegetable compounds. The earth is the channel or medium through which the plant receives its nourishment, and it also serves as a support to the roots of trees. All manures are good or bad in proportion as they contain the vegetable principle or food of plants, which is prepared by the decomposition of vegetable matter. Water is absolutely necessary to render table life, inasmuch as it takes up the saline and unctuous particles in the manure, and conveys them to the roots of the vegetable. If the soil is sandy it will not hold a sufficiency of water, if too solid with clay, the water will collect in too great a quantity, and produce decomposition of the roots. Calcareous soils, or those containing lime and magnesia, are time are best adapted to the growth of plants, though it is often necessary to vary as potatoes do best in a sandy soil, wheat in a rich and rice in a moist soil. A ferruginous soil for fruit trees, and a moderately rich sandy bottom for forest trees.

In cultivating the Italian Mulberry, and the Morus Multicaulis, I have experimented on the native properties of animal and vegetable substances, and find that the former is the best, inasmuch as it contains more nitrogen, which renders it more complicated, and consequently more favorable to decomposition. Animal substances assist vegetable growth in the same manner as food does animals.

But let us return to the consideration of the future plant, a substance, which is to serve in the nourishment in the early stage of its existence. This substance is called the parenchyma, and resembles of fresh oil and mucilage. The seed is generally divided into two parts called *lobes* or *cotyledons*, as may be observed in different kinds of beans. There is a dark colored cord or string which divides the lobes, and is terminated in a point, which the latin word radix, the root, as this string becomes the root of the future plant. Enclosed within the lobes is another part termed *plumula*, from which the trunk of the tree proceeds. All seeds have not the same number of cotyledons; barley, wheat and oats, and the grasses have but one. Some are found to have two, three, and others as many as eight. When the seed is committed to the earth, and the heat of the atmosphere is any degree above 40, the first operation it performs is to imbibe water. The seed softens, and the lobes swell. An absorption of oxygen then takes place, which unites with the carbon of the seed, and is returned in the form of carbonic acid. The loss of carbon consequently by increasing the proportion of oxygen and hydrogen comparatively in the seed, and as a natural consequence the saccharine fermentation takes place. By this process the substance of the parenchyma is changed to a soft, sweet pulp. The action of heat on the seed swells it to such a degree that it cannot contain itself, and the root darts forth, and strikes into the earth. The stem also darts forth, carrying, and pushing up into the air, carrying with it two leaves, which are called the seminal leaves, and serve to elaborate the sap destined to support the stem. Thus the cotyledons now become the seed leaves, or lungs of the tree.

There is a very strong resemblance between the seed and an egg. Heat is necessary to develope the living energies of both, and there is a substance in each designed to supply nourishment to both in the early stage of their existence. So soon as the chick can provide for itself the egg breaks, and so soon as the roots of the tree can imbibe ample nourishment from the soil, the seed leaves drop off. Indeed there is a striking analogy between the whole vegetable and animal kingdoms.

So soon as the root branches off, and commences feeding from the soil, leaves become necessary to elaborate the sap and render it fit to nourish, and form the growth of the tree. Here we also see a striking resemblance between the functions of the leaves of plants, and of the lungs of animals. These are vessels which serve in the animal system, to suck up and convey from the stomach and bowels a fluid called chyle, which is conveyed to the lungs, and there is brought in contact with atmospheric air, and is oxydized or fitted to nourish every part of the frame. In like manner the roots suck up water, from the roots it is conveyed by certain vessels to the leaves where it undergoes a change, and becomes the sap or blood of the plant, which is conveyed to and nourishes every part of the tree. The upper surface of the leaves, it is said, throws off by transpiration the superabundance, while the lower surface on the contrary, which is rough and downy, absorbs moisture from the atmosphere, thereby obtaining the ingredients in the air necessary to its health. Thus the greater the quantity of the foliage, the greater is the quantity of water taken up by the roots, and transpired from the upper surface of the leaves. Air and light appear to be essentially necessary to the existence of the vegetable creation. Light is necessary to the formation of colors. If you plant a potato in a dark cellar it will be perfectly colourless, and if a hole be made through which light may enter, the vine will turn towards it, and endeavor to reach it.

How beautifully does nature dispose the leaves on the stem of the plant. The under side of the leaf being intended to absorb moisture from the air, and the dews of night as they arise from the ground, the leaves are so arranged that one shall not be immediately over another. By this arrangement the under surface of each leaf is exposed to the accumulating moisture of the earth. Yet not unfrequently are the leaves placed alternately on two parallel, and opposite lines; again they are arranged in pairs crossing at right angles; and again they are placed on the angles of polygons, circumscribed on the branches, and arranged in such a manner that the angles of the inferior polygon corresponds with the sides of the superior. On some plants they ascend the stalk in parallel spiral lines.

It may be proven to actual demonstration, that the under side of the leaf is intended to absorb moisture, from the earth and atmosphere. If leaves be plucked, and the under side be placed on a basin of water, they will remain green for days, and even weeks, but if they be placed with the upper surface in the water, they perish in a very short time. Herbs that grow more rapidly than trees have both surfaces of the leaves rough, nearly alike, and absorb moisture more rapidly from the atmosphere. The fact of the upper sides of leaves being smoother, more glossy, and of a deeper color indicates a different use. If you incline the stalk of a tree it will turn and grow upwards. If you bend the branch of a tree so that its leaves are reversed in regard to natural position, the leaves will continually endeavor to turn back again, and will finally succeed. Plant a seed upside down so that the root shall start upward and the stem downward, and in a short time the root will turn and dive into the earth, while the stem will also turn and start upwards into the air.

I have said that water is the chief nourishment of plants. It not only forms the sap, but is the basis of all vegetable fluids. Through the medium of water all the ingredients, such as salts, &c. are carried into plants. The organs of the plant have the power of decomposing water, and then the hydrogen of the water serves as a constituent of oil, of coloring matter, &c. and the oxygen aids in the formation of mucilage, of fecula, of vegetable acids, sugar, &c. The greater portion of the oxygen of the water, however, is changed by caloric into a gaseous state, the caloric proceeding from the hydrogen during the condensation it undergoes, in forming the materials of the vegetable. This gas aeiss oxygen is thrown off into the atmosphere by the leaves of plants. Thus the atmosphere is continually purified pure, and the loss repaired, which is necessary, inasmuch as the constant oxygenation and combustion of substances, and the respiration of animals, are constantly exhausting it. Thus too is there a mutual dependance between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as the plant is sustained by the substances thrown off by the lungs of animals, and the animal by the oxygen thrown off by plants. How wisely formed, how harmonious are the works of nature! How strange is the fact that we could not possibly exist any length of time without the vegetable creation, for the carbonic acid which is thrown off by animals in breathing would collect to such a degree in the atmosphere, as to render it entirely unfit for respiration, and death to the animal creation would be the consequence. But here how wise is the dispensation of Providence! The vegetable kingdom attracts, and decomposes this carbonic acid, and after making use of the carbon for its own purposes returns the oxygen to the atmosphere, for the use of ourselves, and the rest of the animal creation.

But let us return to the formation of the tree. Having traced it from the seed to the putting forth of the roots and stem, we will speak of the bark. The bark is composed of three parts, the *epidermis*, the *parenchyma* and the *cortical layers*.

The epidermis is a thin external skin particularly observable on cherry trees, as it may be easily peeled off. Upon examination it is found to be a thin membrane, through which the light is transmitted, and consists of five slender fibres, which cross each other in the form of a net. In some trees, and in corn this membrane has a thin coat of siliceous earth, which gives it great strength. In some plants this membrane is composed of wax, and in others it is resinous.

The parenchyma lies next to, and is immediately under the epidermis. When the epidermis is stripped off it appears like a green rind, and is found not only on the trunk and branches, but extends to every part even to the leaves. It is full of tubes, which contain a kind of fluid.

The cortical layers are immediately between the parenchyma and the wood. They are full of small vessels, which convey the sap downwards after it has been elaborated in the leaves. They contain a quantity of gastic acid and tannin. Every year the old cortical layers are formed into wood, and now ones are formed.

The woody part of the tree, which is composed of woody fibre, mucilage and resin, is called the *alburnum*. The fibres of the alburnum run two ways; some of them longitudinally, and is called the silver grain, while others called the spurious grain, run spiral in a concentric manner. From the layers of the spurious grain the age of the tree may be computed, one being formed every year by the conversions of the cortical layers into wood. The roots of the tree suck in the water from the earth, and the tubes in the alburnum, or medium, for the conveyance of the contents of the cortical layers, are so arranged as to facilitate the circulation in the animal system. The water pumped up by the roots is the chyle which the absorbent vessels suck up from the stomach and intestines, and convey to the lungs to be oxydized. So the water of the roots is conveyed by the vessels of the alburnum to the leaves or lungs, and from them is distributed to every part of the plant. But here the similitude ends as the plant has nothing answering to the human heart, from whence the blood is distributed after receiving it from the lungs. In the plant the sap is distributed from the lungs, but not by the way of a heart.

By the heat of the spring the small vessels of the plant expand, and partly perhaps by forming a vacuum, and partly by capillary attraction the sap is carried up from the roots by the vessels of the alburnum into the leaves, where it undergoes a chemical change, and becomes fitted for the nourishment of the plant. The vessels of the cortical layers now take it, and convey it to all parts of the plant. The tubes in the parenchyma are much larger than those which carry the sap, and serve perhaps to secrete some peculiar fluid necessary to the health of the plant, as the liver does in the human system. The juices of plants differ, and often in the same plant. In the centre of the alburnum is the heart wood which appears to have no life, and the longevity of trees is owing to the fact that the heart wood. The long life of the oak is no doubt owing to the small proportion of heart in it. In other

Saturday Evening Post.

NOVEMBER 28, 1840.

(SEE DR. WILLIAMS'S ARTICLES ON 4th PAGE.)

"J. W." unavailable.
"Theophilo," under consideration.
"Victor," forbidden.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

It is yet uncertain which of the great political parties, have obtained the majority, in the State of Pennsylvania it was reported on Thursday that Van Buren had a majority of 3 to 5,000. On Thursday eve of the Chief Commissioners brought word from Harrisburg that 41 Counties have been heard from officially which gave Harrison a majority of 9000.

If the 11 Counties to be heard from give 1700 votes less than at the October election, the Harrison electors will have the majority.

Maryland and Delaware have gone for Harrison—Connecticut for Van Buren.

HANINGTON'S DIORAMAS.

We must remind our readers that next week will conclude the stay of this highly interesting, and unequalled exhibition of New York, and the approbation of the press of New York, and the admiration of its citizens. The whole force of the attention will be added for next week—commencing of nine Dioramic scenes, including the grand fire in New York, on the night of the 16th of last December. These views are highly embellished at the American Museum, in connection with a variety of other entertainments.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

INTERESTING LETTER.—No. III.

FORT WILLIAM, Nov. 10th, 1832.

(At the mouth of the Yellow Stone river.)

DEAR BROTHER,—My time has been so much occupied during the last five weeks, preparing our winter quarters, that I have been obliged to omit my usual monthly letter. You have never built a fort? Then pray Heaven you never may; for all the troubles and emergencies I have yet experienced, that gives the most. A few days more will enable me to complete the outside of our accommodations, with the exception of an ice house and provisions for ice. We can finish the interior at our leisure. Our fort is 120 by 150 feet—strongly built, with only one well guarded entrance—and inclosing all our houses, stores, &c.

The trade has scarcely commenced; but we, and our rivals, are electioneering hard for it; we have commenced the canvass of your most noisy politicians. Intrigue, bribery and corruption are the order of the day. The Indians feel the change in all its bearings.

Amongst those who lately visited me, was a part of the tribe of Creek Indians, accompanied by their chief Sweed (anglice "Battle.") He is a man above the common size, and of very remarkable appearance. When you look at an Indian, you may generally form a tolerable guess for him by eye; but the opinion of this chief defied accuracy. They were in *middle* between high cheek bones, a hawk nose that exceeds belief, and large sharp eye brows; that no man, even in jest, would dare to call handsome, yet their cast, without such a look as an Indian breaks out; while my new friend Sweed could pass into your very soul, without appearing to be looking at you.

His features were prominent,—and such were the general developments of his countenance, that without being much of a physiologist you would at once attribute to him, resolution, to sustain his purposes; inexhaustible hatred and deadly revenge on those who thwarted him. His head—accurated by a huge mass of hair, tied in a knot before, and *braided* in the style adopted by some *belles* among the "white folks," (bless them) but with this difference—*the hair was all his own.*—His fish hawk nose was ornamented by a ring with blue stripes, very regularly laid on; and indeed, from one, after your eye became familiar with it; although at first sight, you would conclude the tattoo had coiled itself over both nostrils and down to his mouth. The dignified and chastic step of this chief, proved that he was a stranger to the *Indian* gait. His moccasins adapted his foot.

Sweed—or "the Battle," as I shall call him, has seven brothers, all of whom are chiefs of considerable rank in the nation. To their influence, no less than his own, is the large property, he inherited for the great and powerful secondancy he maintains among his people. He has several wives, the youngest of whom, scarcely fifteen years of age, was amongst the party who visited me, and evidently proud of her lord and master. He seems to be fully sensible of his important standing; but he has one fault which materially lessened his claims on my respect:—namely, a most unreligious contempt for the rules laid down by the temperance society; not one of which will he observe; shame on him!—In other words he is a beastly drunkard.

Such as he was, however, he came to see me; and we had a talk on politics—or rather, what with us are synonymous terms. When we advise peace between nations, it is with a view to our benefit, in traffic;—when we advise war (a thing by the way, we have never done) our motives would be found to settle. We could make some handsome compliments to myself, on recommending sobriety, when I had no spirits to sell; and very strongly deprecating the use of the "fire water" by our friends the "red skins." The advice was cordially given, and taken as it may. Indeed such is the world, with all its attempts to dissemble. Self interest predominates; and the only difference in its exercise, in savage and civilized life, is that in the former we acknowledge; in the latter your conceal your motives.

Our smoke and talk, ended like all of a similar character, by me giving him some tobacco, ammunition, and vermilion, in return for many fair promises. He then informed me, one thing to drink, which he said should be strong, as he was accustomed drinking like his "white fathers." I ordered a pint of wine for himself and suite (among, of the description we have, to make you and I tipsy) when he! he did manfully swallowed the whole at a single draught! It was amusing to see his companions looking at him imploringly during the act, and very significantly smelling the empty cup. "The Battle" soon began to make a noise, and became very troublesome from his liquacity. I paced the apartment with some degree of impatience; and to his solicitations for more drink, gave a flat denial; at the same time leaving the house.—The old fellow (for he has seen nearly sixty times) in great good humour, paced through the room with his hands on his sides (Buffalo robes have no pockets) observing that he too was a chief and a "medicine man;" and that he would talk as his father (meaning me) had done. The old rascal had seen enough means to be my grandfather. His conduct and remarks were irresistibly comic. Our clerks and men, were so highly amused that another bumper was allowed his majesty, who departed greatly pleased and—drunk. Being interpreted; means—he was rather out! Good!

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Nov. 4, received from		November 9.	
Philip M. Tabb,	$117 21	Duncan McDonald,	$1 00
E. Colston, Esq.	5 00	T. Bradley,	5 00
R. G. Quarles, Esq.	5 00	Samuel Schoolcraft,	1 00
Joseph Gaskins, esq.	1 00	Wm. K. Hoskett,	10 00
David Brooks, Esq.	4 00	John McKinnes, Jr.	7 00
J. F. Lewis,	4 00	Dolphin Peck, Esq.	2 00
November 5.		D. Weaver, Esq.	2 00
E. D. Worley,	3 50	J. D. Murphy, Esq.	10 00
Wm. A. Johnston,	1 00	November 11.	
R. H. Garrett, Esq.	5 00	Wm. A. Pierce,	50 00
M. H. Dreher, Esq.	5 00	M. Buckham,	5 00
November 7.		W. A. Pierce, (R.T.B.)	5 00
S. A. Gilmanton,	15 00	John Leighton,	10 00
Robert R. Cure,	5 00	November 10.	
Wm. G. Vanbuck, esq.	10 00	John W. Trumbull,	50 00
C. W. Russell, Esq.	2 00	G. S. Curtis,	5 00
J. G. Caldwell, Esq.	10 00	Wm. Fuller, Esq.	2 00
Saml. H. Boone, Esq.	2 00	James Fordyce, Esq.	1 00
Wm. L. Keith, Esq.	5 00	Alex. V. Benedict,	5 00
Rich'd McClure, Esq.	4 00	E. Moore,	5 00
Wm. Carey Crosby,	5 00	Lake S. Noyes,	2 00
Wm. A. Douglass,	5 00		

SALES OF STOCKS.

This week at the Second and Exch. Board of Brokers.

1530	shares United States Bank,	sales rec'd for. 110a119	100
27	do. Penn Township R. R.	7½	50
13	do. Schuylkill Bank,	58	50
812	do. Girard Bank,	50a56¼	50
148	do. Com. Bank Continental,	96	100
12	do. Louisville Bank,	97½	100
50	do. Kentucky Bank,	73	100
200	do. Northern Bank, Kentucky,	99a99½	50
10	do. Union Bank, Tenn.	70	100
900	do. Vicksburg Bank, Miss.	42a70	50
17	do. Atlantic In. Co.	80½	50
40	do. Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	60	50
8154	do. Beaver Meadow Coal,	44a79½	100
261	do. Norristown Rail Road,	50	50
120	do. New Castle Rail Road,	23½	50
150	do. Beaver Meadow Rail Road,	34½a35½	50
20	do. Harrisburg Rail Road,	49	50

1 Nov. 5th, a 120—6th, 110—10th, 115.

Accounts from Chihuahua (Mexico) represent that district to be in alarm and danger in consequence of the hostile attitude assumed by the Apaches Indians.

We publish to-day, a very interesting account of "Cochran's Merry Chanteers and non-voting Ride," which will be read with relish by every person who wishes to see the fun and humour of the American character exhibited. The actual right for the ride and point for the Union of the States, has been sold by Mr. Cochran to the trustees of a company in New York, for 500,000 dollars. Richmond & Rochester, are the agents for the company, and have a large manufactory at Springfield, Massachusetts, and exercising the ridiculous ride they can make them.

Colonel Bonneville, at the head of the ordnance department, U. S. Army, who was present at the Fair, was so much pleased with Mr. Cochran's ride, that he ordered him to make one and bring it to Washington for experiment.

The following additional details respecting the burning of the steamboat Royal Tar are copied from the Boston Post.

CONSIDERABLY BY MR. FULLER.

Immediately after the order to anchor, fire was discovered around the whole space occupied by the boiler, below the deck. Those who first became aware of the fact, fled to the hatch. At this time I was sick in my berth; my attention was first called to the fact that something unusual had taken place, by observing that every person had suddenly left the cabin. When I reached the deck, I saw the long boat, full of people a quarter of a mile to the leeward—they pulling exceeding hard, and were out out of sight.—The small boat, in which was Capt. Smith, who took possession of it to prevent its falling into the hands of others, had gone off, and were taken back by the wind, was blowing a gale, and they were unable to row against it. He then were carry for the land to windward, about two miles toward, and were overtaken, among large numbers of children; the barrel pulls of the flour, were the readings of the storm, and the world outside of a bottle description. The pilot, capt. Atkins, of Portland, the mate, (Mr. Black, of St. Johns,) with the assistance of those who still had their senses, after hauling a number of barrels, dipped the cable and made it fast. The sails, however, caught fire and were soon burnt.

The steamer then broached-to, and was shortly completely enveloped in flames and blaze.—The fire interrupted all communication between the fore and aft—and neither those in the hold nor those in the stern could see or know the fate of each other. All but myself fled from the quarter deck; I sat on the stern rail, till my coat took fire. I looked round, and seeing not a soul around me in the boat, I fastened a rope to the tiller chain, and dropped over the stern, where I found about 15 others hanging in different places, mostly in the water. In fact the water was full of people, almost every minute.

While holding on I saw several drown—some were beaten from their hold by the waves, and some falling into the sea for the want of strength to sustain themselves any longer. I had fastened my rope to the chain which held out against the waves much longer than the other parts to which many were suspended. I wound the rope round my neck and thigh, and was enabled to bear the additional weight of three men and a lady, who hung securely to me. Not far from me was Capt. Adams, the pilot, who had up a lady and his boy; her arm failed her at last, but he caught her hand with his foot, and held her full five minutes, till the sea washed her off and she drifted by; a kind wave threw her up against the Lincoln's bumper, where I left, and she joined hold of him, and assisted, perhaps, by our encouraging, and the Irishman's also, kept up.—When the cutter's boat passed under our stern Atkins and I begged, for God's sake, that we would take them, even if they had left us—as we thought we could weather it a little longer.

The gig passed within six feet of these two, who we expected would be lost every minute.—The officer of the gig was afraid, and had left—and on to our left, Mr. Fuller left—that is, the Irishman, lady, Atkins, and those attached to my person—by Captain Reed in his small boat, and conveyed to the cutter. The cutter was not in sight when I first went on deck. I had been in the water, hanging about under the stern about 3 hours before I was taken off. Thirty-three lives in all were lost, including six children. I escaped without shoes, stockings or hat, and lost every article of property on board. I also did the others, who were saved by Captain Reed. The entire loss in money and other property, independent of the boat, was about about $150,000. The boat was worth $50,000. Mr. Lancaster, Welsh & Co's loss if the elephant be recovered, will not be less than $15,000, besides the private funds belonging to their hands—four of whom, by the by, were lost.

From the Sun.

The regular engineer had been dismissed by the owners from performance of engineering duty, on the 27th of last month, and they substituted another of the firemen to the post of the second engineer. It is said that neither of these men were well qualified for the office, and their conduct seems to justify this opinion.

Capt. Waite had about $2000 entrusted to him, which was lost; he secured himself and trunk on the steps of the boat, until the rope to which they were attached was burnt off—when, still retaining possession of his trunk, he swam to the part of the vessel, where he sustained himself and property, until a cabin passenger, a lady floated near him, when he let go his trunk seized and sustained the woman till she was saved.

The commerce of Buffalo is expanding at a most rapid rate. A correspondent of a Buffalo paper states that there are no less than thirty-one steamboats which sail regularly from and to that port. He says that these 31 boats arrive 35 times every 6 days, making an average of 17 boats in daily operation at the wharves, taking in and discharging passengers, luggage, &c. In addition to these boats whose operations are confined to Lake Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Michigan, there are running at the head of the lake, the Detroit, St. Clair, and Manistee, La Plaisance, and Sandusky Bays, the following steamboats, viz:—Erie, Cincinnati, Gen. Brady, Gen. Gratiot, Andrew Jackson, Toledo, Elvira, Smith, and *Major Downing*—all American boats. Also, the British boat "Buffalonian," running between Amherstburg and Goderich, U. C.—And the head of St. Joseph's River, American boats "Chicago," "Matilda Barry" and "Dary Crockett." Total, 29 American and 3 British steamboats on Lake Erie and the Upper lakes in the year 1836, exclusive of several steam ferry boats. In 1831, the "Walk-in-the-water" was the only steamboat on these lakes. It is added that only two steamboats were lost on Lake Erie, and one on Lake Michigan in fifteen years; and all of them were beached, and no loss of life amongst the passengers, except in one instance, from endeavoring to swim through the surf contrary to advice.

In reference to the immense tide of emigration which continues to flow westward through Buffalo, a correspondent of the New York Daily Express writes as follows:

BUFFALO, Oct. 24, 1835.

Yesterday 4000 people left this port in steamboats for the west; and it is estimated, that from 6 o'clock yesterday morning to 9 o'clock this evening, not less than 7000 people will have passed out of our harbor up the lake. From whence do they all come—and when will this tide of emigration end?

The quantity of goods lying in our warehouses, and unloaded upon our docks, is great beyond all calculation; and I fear if we have not uninterrupted good weather till the 1st of January, a great deal of merchandise must remain till spring. So great has been the increase of transportation upon the lakes, that many schooners will clear from 60 to 100 per cent. this season; and the two *ships* not less than 50: [illegible] I dare give goods enough now to be shipped, from this place, to nearly or quite load every port set upon the lakes. The steamboats do not carry freight, as they find the carrying of passengers the most profitable. Will this business increase?—It must, for if such things are done in the infancy of these western States, what are we to expect when they become densely populated? Who can calculate the business that must be done upon these waters twenty years hence? I speak within bounds when I say, 100 additional vessels would find constant and profitable employment; and shipbuilders who will come here, or any where upon the shores of these lakes, could reap a rich and abundant harvest, especially if possessed of capital.—Schooners, which were launched last spring, will pay for themselves this fall. There is no limit to the commerce of the lakes, but capital. And now is the time for the enterprising to lay foundations for their fortunes which will be permanent and lasting.

To those who live at a distance and are not acquainted with the country, it may seem incredible that 7000 people should leave this city in two days, yet such is the fact, and their double, has been dispatched if they had seen nine large steamboats, fully loaded, go out of port in one day, besides a large fleet of other vessels fully freighted. What an empire there must be beyond us!

Shipwreck.—The schooner Mary Elizabeth arrived at this port yesterday morning from St. Johns, N. B. having on board some of the passengers and part of the crew of the ship Crown prince, Capt. Mason, from Liverpool for New York, which was abandoned on the 2d ult. in a sinking condition. The passengers (14 in number) and crew were taken off by the British brig Pyramid, bound to Bay Chaleur, which subsequently fell in with the brig Mercury, from Ireland, for St. John, N. B. and put on board of her the passengers and part of the crew. We have not been able to learn the full particulars of this disaster, but we understand that the ship had experienced a violent gale which caused her to spring aleak. The Crescent was a new ship, and belonged to Brown & Willis. Her cargo principally consisted of iron and salt. She was insured for $16,000.

Caution to Housekeepers.—On Thursday evening, the 24 ult. a tall good looking girl, about 20 years of age, calling herself Eliza Jones, engaged for a situation as servant in the family of Mr. Alexander Draper, No. 10 Montgomery street, from Isaac Lawrence, Esq. 5th street, and her Father-in-law, that she had lived three years with the sister of a lady, a neighbor of Mr. Draper, the lady of that gentleman was indisposed, which business he promptly improving into the without the preliminary of inquiring into the truth of her statement. In the course of the evening she requested possession of Mrs. Draper's valuable gold watch, which she hurried together with four frocks and sundry other articles of wearing apparel; the whole amount and value of which, is believed to be over $50; since then nothing has been heard of her or the stolen property.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

We have just received No. 1 of a new Newspaper, entitled, "The Texas Chronicle, devoted to the cause of Texas." The better to extract from it then a number and a memorial.

Fatal Rencontre.—On Sunday evening the 15th ult., our citizens were thrown into a high state of excitement, on being informed that Colonel Moore, of Mississippi, Mr. Lewis and Major Lumkin of Mobile, had received fatal in the latter, indeed, so fatal were the wounds inflicted with a Bowie knife, that he expired before he could reach his home, which was only a few steps off, and was carried home in a litter, accompanied by his friends, who had witnessed his unfortunate rencontre. On the following day, Mr. McLeod, the second, was tried before the Criminal Court, at the next term.

Shocking.—A correspondent of a St. Louis paper, gives the horrible details of a hard Indian among some half-breed Indian, near Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone river, in 1834.

A half-breed family, named Dorion, had murdered another half-breed, Jack Rain, for which the half-breeds of the neighborhood had assembled to the number of 200 to execute some French trappers determined to execute them for the crime, for which purpose they attacked a black house in which the Dorions were. The Dorions not understanding that no quarter would be given them, surrendered and requested a trial by their peers, and defended themselves to the last with determination. A Frenchman contrived to set fire to the black house, and the wind being high, the flames spread with great rapidity. The yells of defiance of the Dorions could be heard amidst the crackling of the flames, and they could be seen calmly and deliberately watching an opportunity through the smoke and flames, to bring down their opponents with their rifles, of whom they killed eight and wounded several. The Dorionps, with the exception of a few small children, were completely exterminated.

We have been furnished by an esteemed friend with the following statement, in which the most implicit confidence may be placed.—*Rochester Advertiser.*

The Sac and Fox Indians met Governor Dodge on the west bank of the Mississippi, opposite Rock Island, and closed a treaty of sale, on the 29th ult. for their reservation. The Lower Iowa for 31 cents per acre. It is thought the whole purchase will amount to $250,000, $90,000 to be paid the first year, $10,000 of it to the half breeds; $10,000 in blankets, guns, ammunition and implements of husbandry, and the remainder to be paid in instalments of $10,000 per annum.

There were about 300 Sacs and 500 Foxes present. No whiskey was allowed among them, and none was given to them except to the chief victorious speechifier, who poured little bottles in their pockets and would treat a few red men usually, of which Keokuck took severe notice. Some persons sent two bottles of liquor from a steamboat, to Black Hawk, but he would not receive it, and ordered his young men to destroy them.

Daring impudent Robbery.—While Mr. Regally, watchmaker, No. 40 Milk-street had stepped out a moment on business, a well dressed fellow apparently of the age of 40, entered his shop by false keys, and immediately commenced stowing away in his hat, a large number of L'Epine and patent lever watches. He had already got possession of a hat full of watches, and secured the remainder, Mr. Regally, returning to the street of $2000, when he was discovered by a Mr. Evans, a dealer in watches, who immediately called to his aid a citizen, and followed the rascal, who had secured the watches, through several streets. The fellow was immediately taken back to the shop of Mr. Regally, compelled to "disgorge," and in a few moments was in possession of the Police officers, on his way to prison.

Mr. Regally is confident the fellow has been in the habit of visiting his shop on pretence of business, for some time past, and thus was enabled to manufacture false keys to accomplish his object. It is marvellous indeed, that such a robbery should be attempted at such a time.—*Boston Gazette.*

Pauli Monument Parade.—The anniversary day of the massacre of the Pauli, was observed on the 26th of September last, with the usual ceremonies. The events which brought about the massacre of a portion of the detachment of the American army under Gen. Wayne, at the above place, on the night of the 26th of September, 1777, are found in every history of the country, of the massacre was one of the horrors which no vigilance can always prevent, and which are therefore to be expected in a bloody war. When nations contend with each other, or when princes fight for empire, the feelings of kind and humanity give way to expediency and patriotism; and frequently, many a gallant soldier has fallen a sacrifice to the noblest virtues that adorn the human bosom. But when such men fall, they fall covered with honors, and the laurel crown that never fades, the soldier's richest reward, hallows their names to the remotest time. It is an honorable feeling in man that impels him to commemorate the deeds of those who fall in the service of their country; it warms the rising generation with grateful emotion, and stirs them up to emulate the virtues of their departed countrymen.—*West Chester Record.*

FROM THE SOUTH.

By the arrival of the steam-packet Columbia from Charleston, sailed on Saturday evening, we have late advices from Florida, New Orleans, Savannah and Charleston.

Gov. Call has issued an order directing all the U. S. troops at the various posts on the St. John's, to concentrate at Fort Drane.

Capt. Smith, and a small party of the Florida Volunteers, fell in with a marauding party of Indians, in the neighborhood of Sampson Pond, about the 25th of October. The Indians fired, and then the usual scamper took place. The Indians ran, and the volunteers chased, and then the Indians took refuge in a swamp, and the volunteers could not follow; and so the affair ended in nothing.

The subscriptions for the great rail-road were going on very successfully. It is thought that South Carolina will take more than 30,000 shares.

Cholera at Charleston.—The board of health have issued a report, declaring that the disease had nearly disappeared from Charleston. No new case had occurred for the last two days.

A very-ship received at the Charleston post office dated North Sunter, 2nd inst. says that on since the 23d ult. It also states that the whole number of deaths by that disorder since its commencement had been 242—of which two only were white.

New Rice.—Eight half barrels of the new crop have been received at Charleston.

Letters from Columbia, S. C. state that there was a considerable freshet at that place. Fears were entertained for the crops on the low grounds.

A letter from Lille, France, says: The number of factories of beet sugar which have sprung up in the environs of this city within two or three years, is truly inconceivable; thirty are counted within the distance of two or three leagues; the other arrondissements are in nearly the same state. In consequence of this state of things, the price of good land has risen from 3500 to 5500 francs the hectares and rent in a still greater proportion.

Some workmen engaged in digging a well near Lyons, noticed that a portion of the dress or woollen frock worn was yielding to the pressure of the surrounding earth. Alarmed by this appearance they made no delay in effecting their escape. One however observing that he had left some tools behind him, had the imprudence to descend in order to regain them. No sooner had he reached the bottom than the whole structure gave way, and buried him in the sand at a depth of 25 feet. Fortunately the fragments formed a sort of tube by which he could communicate with the people above, and receive from them supplies of food, &c. As it was impossible to liberate him by digging directly down, the plan was adopted of excavating a new well by the side of the old one. This laborious work was still going on two days after the accident, and the sufferer had not been reached. It was doubted whether it would be possible to save him.

Whiskers.—"I cannot imagine" said Alderman H—, "why my whiskers should turn grey, so much sooner than the hair of my head." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains," observed a wag.

"Jim, you're been drinking." "No I haven't—I've been looking at another man drink, and it was too much for me."

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The President has decided that the Mode of Bilgrim is subject to each subdivisions the pale of the Federal Union, having rejected the system proposed by congress for her admission, and will not therefore be entitled to any part of the surplus revenue, which is now by law to be divided among the states on the 1st January. Michigan has given three hundred thousand dollars, as well as her right to vote at the coming election of President and Vice President.

Died at New Orleans, on the 23d ult. the Count Alfonso de Montemayor, a lineal descendant of the Count and Duchess of Montezuma, or rank is often spoke Montezuma, of Mexico.

The Saltiest Factory of Mr. Robbins, Greenby, Mass. was destroyed by fire on Thursday last. A part of the machinery was saved, and there was insurance on the building to the amount of $6,000.

We are sorry to perceive by the Charleston papers, that the Cholera has by no means disappeared from that city; no less than twenty-four persons having fallen victims to the pestilence during the week ending on the 23d ult.—three whites and twenty-one blacks.

Governor Vroom has declined a reappointment to the office of governor of New Jersey, and Philemon Dickerson, late a member of congress, appointed in his place.

The abutment of the bridge connecting Cleveland with Ohio city, was thrown up on the 5th ult. by placing a keg of powder in the stone work. The perpetrator of the mischief had not been detected.

John Johnson, a mulatto negro, was found guilty of manslaughter on his trial for the murder of Oliver Taylor, gloss blower, at Philadelphia. He was sentenced to six years solitary confinement, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied.

The Camden and Amboy Rail-road Company, commenced on Tuesday carrying the mail between Philadelphia and New York twice a day.

A man at twenty continues not a particle of the matter in which his mind was excreted when he was born.

Miss Willett, of Washington County, Md. lately brought an action before the Frederick County Court against Mr. Smith, of that county, for a breach of marriage promise, and recovered a verdict against him of eight hundred and twenty dollars.

Yale College.—The Catalogue of this year is not yet published, but we understand that the number of Undergraduates is about 140: freshman class 120.—The Theological Department numbers about 75.

An inquest was held upon the body of an unknown female who was found dead at the foot of Pier 8, clasping the Bake of the anchor of the schooner Perseverance. It is supposed in the night she walked overboard, and in attempts to save her life grasped the anchor and remained in that position till she perished from cold.—*N. Y. Star.*

Savannah, Oct. 22.—Georgia Marble.—We have on our table a beautiful specimen of *White Marble*, taken from a quarry in Forsyth county. We learn that the quarry is amply sufficient to supply all the wants of our people.

The tragate Macedonian which was gallantly captured last war by the brave Decatur, having now been rebuilt on a small portion of her original frame, was launched from the Brooklyn navy yard, Nov. 1st. The launch was beautiful, and she was saluted by the Java frigate and North Carolina 74, amidst the cheers of the multitude. The original model has been preserved.

Blind Choristers.—The Choir of singers at Rev. Mr. Young's Church, in Sumner street, is composed entirely of the pupils of the excellent Institution for the Blind, in Pearl street;—six males and six females. Their performances are highly creditable to them. They have at command the several hymns to be sung through the day, and sing them without the slightest variation from the text, with a remarkably clear and distinct pronunciation.—*Salem Gazette.*

An Explosion.—We learn from the Barre (Maine) Gazette, that one of the buildings belonging to the Powder Works of Hobbs, Benia & Co. of Barre, was blown up about 5 o'clock on the morning of the 14th ult. It was used for drying powder, and was blown up by the heating of friction of the machinery, which it was necessary to leave running all night. Fifty kegs of powder were burnt and the most valuable part of the machinery destroyed.—Loss 5000 dollars and upwards.—*Kennebec Mer.*

A Good Shot.—James Bates, Esq. of London, for a wager of one tun outstanding, to kill 40 Blackbirds at Otter Creek, commenced by killing 2 at one shot, and finished 37 in 40 steps; after the 38th he killed 12 birds in 17 shots.

A Brighton Physician lately adopted the following singular means of preserving some of the coins of the realm. He inclosed several of the last impression in a ball of wax, which he placed in a balloon of Indian rubber, sufficiently inflated with gas to raise it several thousand feet above the earth, where, floating in space, the memory of our nation and its monarch may be recorded for hundreds of thousands of years. Within the ball of wax was also placed a slip of parchment, with the following letters cut out: Anglia, Martis, X. 1836.

All doubts as to the return of Count Pozzo di Borgo, to resume his diplomatic duties at the British Court, are, we understand, removed by a letter received at the Russian Embassy a few days since.

It is reported that Lord Howick intends recommending the conversion of the Guards, the Household of the Horse Guards, and that the whole be attached to the office, and be placed under the superintendent, of the Secretary at war.

A letter from Dresden states that the preliminary negociations relative to the marriage of Prince Otho with the Princess of Oldenburgh are terminated, and the contracts are now signed.

The Queen of Spain has sent the garden of Maria Louise to the wife of Gen. Mina.

Prince Bazil Dolgorouki, one of the equerries to the Emperor Nicholas, and Inspector-General of the Theatres, who married Madle. Eugenie Forget, a young French vocalist, some months ago, and upon that account excited the displeasure of the Emperor, has been recently pardoned by his Majesty, and the lady has received at the Imperial Court. The lady has settled on her a fortune of three millions of silver roubles.

Crafty Bears—Improvements in Menageries.—Among the recent additions to the Surrey Gardens, London, are two "splendid" grisly bears from North America. A Mr. Cross ingeniously supplies heat to the delicate animals of hot climates by placing near them the hot-blooded animals of cold regions.

The Dethroned King of France.—Charles X. of France, now at Brudweis, in Bohemia, where he has been with his family since the 5th of July, is quite worn down with age. He entered upon his 80th year in October. The old gentleman amuses himself habitually with the chase, in which he is accompanied by the Duke of Angoulême, and is doubtless happier than when he wore the crown of France.

"*What's in a name!*"—The clerks in the English post office are ingenious at detecting letters improperly superscribed, as the covers of newspapers, and such like methods of avoiding the payment of postage; but there is a class of expedients which put their ingenuity at stretch that it seems to be only a matter of chance if the person addressed. A person wanted to let a friend in Dublin know that a shawl and letter sent by him had been received, and for this purpose directed a newspaper to William *Shawlsingh Gee-letter Hundy*, Esq. Dublin, as it might or might not be a name, could not be found.

Melancholy Accident.—On Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, a daughter of Mr. John L. Downe, musician of the Tremont Theatre, 10 or 12 years of age, was returning from school, and as she was passing the head of School street, she was run over by the Hollision stage, coming down from Beacon street, the wheels passing over her body. She was taken up speechless, and carried into the house of Dr. Higginson, where she died a short time after. The street at that part being macadamized, she probably did not hear the noise of the carriage until she was knocked down, and the driver was unable to stop his horses until it was too late to prevent the fatal accident.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

A New Pestilence.—An epidemic of a very fatal and hitherto unknown character has been raging at Madras throughout the entire cold weather. It still continues, though its virulence is considerably abated. It attacks under the form of a slight fever, which hangs about the patient for two or three days, and then terminates in death. So great has been the mortality, that there is scarcely a family in the district which has not lost one or more of its members. It raged equally among all classes, and so great a dread did it cause, that numbers of people emigrated to escape the pestilence.—*Calcutta paper.*

A young Student at Law was fined fifteen dollars for disorderly conduct in the Bedford street Church. The penalty was not severe enough, for there can be no excuse offered for this violation of the sanctity of a house of God by one whose profession gives no warrant of a liberal education. These cases are becoming too frequent, and amongst those from which it might least be expected. Nothing stamps more strongly the moral turpitude of an individual than those open violations of decency, and the disgusting callousness displayed towards the religious feelings of a community.—*New York Star.*

The New York Sun says—"William street, from Wall to Pine streets, is to be paved with blocks of wood; the owners of the property on either side of the street having voluntarily agreed to pay the whole expense of the paving."

Sir Walter Scott, in one of his letters, lately brought to light, alluding to his fondness for planting and agriculture, playfully says, "I persuade you, by oaks will outlast my barrels; and I always repeat more on commodious for manure than any other compositions whatsoever, to which I was ever accustomed."

Vice versa.—A woman at the west was so large when she died, that her friends had to go twice to her funeral.

Mrs. Rothschild intends making Gunnersbury Park her future residence where she is continuing the improvements commenced by her late husband.

Miss Jane Porter, with a small party of antiquarian friends, is making a very interesting tour through most of the northern counties of England.

Making should be taxed but luxuries.—I acknowledge the justice of the measure, said a poor Simon, who had a large family of children, but I acknowledge it, and therefore you bachelors ought to be taxed, for I am sure bachelorship is a luxury!

An anti-Mahomedan.—Frankie Wolfief, a negro of Antwerpen, in Asiatic Russia, had by his first wife 40 children, by his second wife, his second wife, 16 children at 3 births—in all, 57 children. He was alive in 1833, aged 75 years.

It is said that the King of Siam has cast off, for the emperor at Paris, a beautiful white elephant, and that this curious animal is a labor of his majesty's gratitude for the kind reception given by the Parisians to the Siamese brothers, Chang and Eng, who wrote a letter to their master, which was placed before his majesty of Siam.

The marriage between Duke William of Brunswick and the Princess Marie, of Wirtemberg, is broken off, though near being concluded. Austria interfered to break the marriage.

Aquatic Sagacity.—It is stated in a French paper, that Greinoun, a small carpet, near Narbonne, Meyerbeer's opera of Robert-le-Diable was performed in a boat, recently. The orchestra consisted of a drum and a flageolet. The spectators were on the bench; those in front sat down, others stood behind, which had an exceedingly picturesque effect. This monster piece of music was also performed a short time ago at Carcassonne by a single violin. This is going ahead of the Thespians on our great western waters.

The Gretna Green Blacksmith, who for so many years has forged hymeneal chains for runaway couples, at his residence on the bounds of England and Scotland, it is stated, has at last wedded death himself. His name was Peter Moyolle.

The dock dues at Liverpool on corn, provisions and cattle, imported from Ireland, are entirely removed.

Shakspeare's plays are in course of translation into the Dutch language in blank verse. Macbeth and the Tempest have been translated by Miss Heer Moulin, and he is now engaged upon Othello.

The garments which Charles XII. of Sweden, wore at the battle of Pultowa, and which were preserved by Colonel Rosen, who accompanied him to Bender, were sold at Edinburgh, in 1833, for £.22,000!

German Philosophers.—A recent traveller, speaking of the metaphysics of Kant, Wolf, Fichte, Schelling, and Schwelling, says, "They have filled Europe with their works, and the madhouses with inmates."

English Memories.—The antiseptic properties of the peat, owing to its carbon, are such that a female mummy, found in the peat moss, according to Dr. Murray, found in a state of entire preservation. It must have been 1600 years old.

Prince Charles Ferdinand, of the two Sicilies, was united to Miss Penelope Smyth for the second time, on the 25th ult. at St. Paul's Grecian Church, London, according to the rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by the Dean of Carlisle.

Lord Brougham.—Among the great influx of fashionable visitors who have within the last few days visited the truly delightful little "capital of the lakes," Keswick, we have great pleasure in announcing the arrival of Lord Brougham, accompanied by his daughter and her governess. It is highly gratifying to us to observe that his noble lordship appears to be in the enjoyment of state of contentment.—*Kendal Mer.*

A Good Shot.—James Bates, Esq. of London, for a wager of one tun outstanding, to kill 40 Blackbirds at Otter Creek, commenced by killing 2 at one shot, and finished 37 in 40 steps; after the 38th he killed 12 birds in 17 shots.

A Brighton Physician lately adopted the following singular means of preserving some of the coins of the realm. He inclosed several of the last impression in a ball of wax, which he placed in a balloon of Indian rubber, sufficiently inflated with gas to raise it several thousand feet above the earth, where, floating in space, the memory of our nation and its monarch may be recorded for hundreds of thousands of years. Within the ball of wax was also placed a slip of parchment, with the following letters cut out: Anglia, Martis, X. 1836.

All doubts as to the return of Count Pozzo di Borgo, to resume his diplomatic duties at the British Court, are, we understand, removed by a letter received at the Russian Embassy a few days since.

It is reported that Lord Howick intends recommending the conversion of the Guards, the Household of the Horse Guards, and that the whole be attached to the office, and be placed under the superintendent, of the Secretary at war.

A letter from Dresden states that the preliminary negociations relative to the marriage of Prince Otho with the Princess of Oldenburgh are terminated, and the contracts are now signed.

The Queen of Spain has sent the garden of Maria Louise to the wife of Gen. Mina.

Prince Bazil Dolgorouki, one of the equerries to the Emperor Nicholas, and Inspector-General of the Theatres, who married Madle. Eugenie Forget, a young French vocalist, some months ago, and upon that account excited the displeasure of the Emperor, has been recently pardoned by his Majesty, and the lady has received at the Imperial Court. The lady has settled on her a fortune of three millions of silver roubles.

Crafty Bears—Improvements in Menageries.—Among the recent additions to the Surrey Gardens, London, are two "splendid" grisly bears from North America. A Mr. Cross ingeniously supplies heat to the delicate animals of hot climates by placing near them the hot-blooded animals of cold regions.

The Dethroned King of France.—Charles X. of France, now at Brudweis, in Bohemia, where he has been with his family since the 5th of July, is quite worn down with age. He entered upon his 80th year in October. The old gentleman amuses himself habitually with the chase, in which he is accompanied by the Duke of Angoulême, and is doubtless happier than when he wore the crown of France.

"*What's in a name!*"—The clerks in the English post office are ingenious at detecting letters improperly superscribed, as the covers of newspapers, and such like methods of avoiding the payment of postage; but there is a class of expedients which put their ingenuity at stretch that it seems to be only a matter of chance if the person addressed. A person wanted to let a friend in Dublin know that a shawl and letter sent by him had been received, and for this purpose directed a newspaper to William *Shawlsingh Gee-letter Hundy*, Esq. Dublin, as it might or might not be a name, could not be found.

*

EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA.
Saturday, November 12, 1836.

Mr. A. C. Draper, Corresponding Secretary of the Cultonpian Society of Granville, Ohio, has favoured us with a copy of an oration delivered before that body on the 9th of August, last, by the Hon. Wm. Allen, of Chillicothe.

The New York Zoological Institute made a number into Philadelphia on Thursday morning. It consisted of 40 wagons, some of them with eight horses attached. The exhibition will be opened upon one week to next Wednesday (this week) at the corner of Broad and Filbert streets, admission 25 cents.

THE LOST FOUND.

A young lady who lately left her adopted parents in Camptonian, near East Port, Maine, is at present in this city, at Mr. Jones's, No. 500 South Front street. She is now anxious to return to her home, if her father John Curtis will send or send for her. Editors in New England will please convey the information to her friends.

Extract of a letter to the Editor, dated
FALLSTON, 5th Nov. 1836.

"The result of yesterday's election has astonished the "native." Mr. Dickey's vote in 18 out of the 24 districts in our county gave him 2[illegible] votes, making him a majority of 800 over his highest opponent. The 6 districts to be heard from will give him a majority in the aggregate of 1100 to 1200.

THE ERIE RAIL ROAD.

A large and respectable meeting of the city and county, was convened on the 8d inst. at the Philadelphia Exchange, for the purpose of taking into consideration the measures to be adopted in relation to the successful prosecution of the Rail-road to Erie. A report from W. B. Reed, chairman of a committee appointed by a previous meeting, was presented and read.

It commenced by stating that any active measures, so far as regarded the investment of capital, in the shape of stock, would from various causes be impracticable at the present time; but all that could be done now, was to make such preparatory arrangements as would hereafter facilitate the progress of the work. We find that the present demand for capital, and the consequent pressure in the money market, were the chief reasons of the committee for delaying this recommendation.

The report went on to state the original plans that had led to the prosecution of the design, the various difficulties, both legislative and pecuniary, that has been sustained by those engaged therein. Difference of opinion respecting the route, which had been left undetermined contributed in a great measure, to delay the progress of the work. This was adjusted after length of time, by a legislative enactment in favour of the western route.

The road has recently been put under contract, and is now progressing as rapidly as could be expected, under the circumstances. So far as the results have redeemed its promise, with regard to the expectations held out ten years since; it is reminiscent for individual enterprise to commence the work, and to reap the benefits that will infinitely flow from the increase of trade, and the extension of our commerce with the States on border on the lakes * * * *. Respecting the supposed advantage that New York will have over our city, from the Erie Canal—the following remarks are made.

The city of New York has with Lake Erie a shorter and perfect water communication, by means of the Erie Canal. Philadelphia has none. Nor will she, even when the Erie extension and the cross-cut canals are completed, have such an avenue to the Lakes as will enable us in the seasons of open navigation, to compete with New York in this respect. Observation of the existing state of things, as well as a moderate foresight, has, however, satisfied public spirited citizens of our sister State, of the trade of the North Western Lakes must seek other outlets than its single canal; and while Philadelphia, with far greater natural advantages, neglects the great opportunity of a direct diagonal line of communication with the West which her position might give her—the last year has given birth to two great enterprises in New York, directed solely in securing the Lake trade, either of which is deserving of all admiration; in the enlargement of the Erie Canal and the construction of the great New York and Erie Rail Road. If then, New York has shown herself justified in executing new and gigantic enterprises to secure the great trade of the Lakes to her capital, and if we have it in our power to construct a cheaper, a shorter and better route than she can possibly devise, are we justified in being longer indifferent?

The answer is plain; that we have it in our power to construct such a route is undeniable. That is needed at present is, that our citizens should so far awaken their energies in this matter that the occasion may not slip by unimproved.

The report then proceeded to recommend the appointment of delegates to the Convention, to be held at Williamsport, in relation to this subject; the conformity to this resolution, a number of gentlemen were elected to attend the Williamsport meeting; and to use such measures as they may deem requisite for the successful prosecution of the enterprise.

WALTER FORWARD.

The letter of Mr. Forward which we published last week so much interested us in the author, that we were induced to enquire of one who knows him intimately, something of his private history, and we publish below the remarks or sketch, furnished us by our correspondent. We should like to see such a man as Mr. Forward in public life. We care not with what party he is or has been associated—any man who we do to know what church he belongs to. It is enough for us that he is a man of sound principle. His letter was really refreshing. We like to see one then stand forth the dignity of manhood, and regardless of all ties, speak out and declare himself for country first—to declare his opinions as a man, not as a servile political partisan,—who are satisfied the people have a just sense of this course of conduct too. We have nothing but praise, both in reference to the letter and the feelings that dictated it—nor will we be surprised yet to see the author of his reward for his statesman-like, manly and independent course, the suffrages of his fellow citizens for the first office in the commonwealth—Governor of Pennsylvania.

In answer to your enquiries in reference to Forward, the able author of the letter published last week, I send you the following and very imperfect sketch of him.

The Hon. H. M. Brackenridge in his book entitled "Recollections of the West," thus speaks of Mr. Forward, at the time he was a student of law.

"Stopping into Mr. Baldwin's office while I was absent, I observed a young man with his shoulders, long visage, and head of uncommon mould, pouring over a Law Book. It was unnecessary to enquire whether he was a student. We soon entered into conversation, then proceeded to argument—finding my antagonist, I became vehement and rociferation, until people were drawn to the window. This was the beginning of a friendship that has lasted without interruption for thirty years. I have lived about all over the world, and have encountered every vicissitude of fortune, while he steadily pursued his course and has risen to the head of his profession. Yet his temperament was attended with untoward circumstances. The success shows what a bold and generous spirit may accomplish, and how genious can overcome difficulties which appear invincible to the common mind."

On coming to the bar Mr. Forward took up his residence in the adjoining county of Westmoreland, and soon succeeded to a handsome practice. Wishing for a larger sphere, he returned to Pittsburg, and here he also soon acquired a large business, and rose rapidly in his profession, though contending by the side of such men as James Ross, Henry Baldwin, Stephen Sample and others. He shortly after once or twice represented the county of Allegheny in the State Legislature, and in 1823 was elected to Congress. He succeeded Mr. Todd as chairman of the committee on manufactures, and while Mr. Todd was chairman of that committee, Mr. Forward being then the second member upon it, co-operated ably with his friend Judge Todd in support of the bill that was finally passed, the Tariff of 1824. But it was in the committee room rather than before the House that he laboured. He had no heart, especially at this time, for engaging often in the strife and contention of debate. He occasionally spoke though but seldom.

His spirit was under a cloud. Truly may it be said that Mr. Forward has been a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief. Two favorite young brothers, whom with great care he had educated for the bar, and who possessed talents and attainments of the very first order, died within a few months of each other, and almost as soon as they came to the bar. The loss of these has been followed, by the loss at short intervals, of almost a family of young daughters, who had so sooner budded into womanhood, than death snatched them one by one from him, their mother, the affectionate partner of his bosom, having within the last few months followed them closing the sad train.

These afflictions together with other losses and disappointments, have made Mr. Forward undoubtedly in some respects an altered man. They have probably had the effect to curb, if not almost to crush that lofty ambition—those "longings divine and aspirations free" with which he entered upon life. For several years past he has had nothing to do with public life, or hardly with politics in any shape, and even his professional career, (though always from his standing and talents enjoying a good practice) has been pursued possibly with less ardour than formerly. Possessing naturally a fondness for literature, and being a fine classical and belles letter scholar, a portion of his time has been occupied in the cultivation of letters.

But still Mr. Forward is not without seeking his triumphs even now at the Bar. His bold original and philosophic mind occasionally pours forth its stores of learning, and wisdom, and logic, and which is always expressed in the purest and richest language, and occasionally, when excited in strains of the loftiest and most commanding eloquence. Few men perhaps at any bar are greater than Walter Forward is at times, at such times as he is roused and gets interested. He has the finest imagination when he chooses to indulge it, that ever quilled the flowers of rhetoric, though the general character of his mind is undoubtedly rather metaphysical and philosophical than imaginative.

His argument in the case of the Bank of Washington, was the most splendid forensic effort I have ever witnessed at the bar, and I thought while looking at him, as he was speaking that I never saw so splendid an exhibition of the powers of the human mind.

I have heard however the present chief justice characterise his argument in the Methodist church case, as his *chef d'œuvre*, and as one of the most powerful speeches he had ever heard delivered, and Mr. Fetterman told me, who was engaged in the cause, that the Chief Justice scarce took his eye from the orator during the whole time he was speaking.

Mr. Forward is about forty-eight years of age. A stranger would be struck with his appearance any where, and indeed to ask who he was. He is of the public height, with a broad well set frame. His complexion is rather dark, his face perfectly colourless; his forehead high and receding, though jutting forward just above the eye brows, black, eyes and a fine beneficent expression about the mouth which is large and well formed for an orator. He would be called a very well looking if not a handsome man. His voice too is remarkably fine. Such is the physical man.

Intellectually few men are more liberally endowed by nature than Mr. Forward. He may be called indeed without flattery a great man, and such in truth and fact he is, and I may add such too is his reputation among those who have been cotemporary with him at the bar, or known him intimately. Mr. Forward is also an honest and pure man in principle. His life is, and has ever been a perfectly blameless one.—If all this be thought by any to be too high a panegeric, it only can be thought so by those who do not know Mr. Forward, for to such as do it will be regarded but as just and merited praise."

CONCERT OF THE BLIND.

We attended on Monday evening the Concert given for the benefit of the Blind at the Musical Fund Hall. The performers were the blind pupils belonging to the Asylum of the Blind in this city, under the superintendance of Mr. Schmitz, together with several gentlemen Amateurs, and the very accomplished Pianist Miss Overstolzt, who most generously volunteered their services for the occasion.

It is astonishing to what a degree of proficiency these poor blind youths have attained in the art of Music. There were perhaps twenty or twenty-five of them present, and between the ages say of ten and eighteen. They seemed perfectly to understand music, and played several of them at least, on two or three different instruments, with masterly execution. Little fellows no more than ten or twelve years of age would draw the bow with the dexterity almost of a Paganini—and keep exact time with a full orchestra in the performance of some of the most difficult compositions of Rossini, Auber and Bellini. Their vocal music in which all seemed to join was equally fine. They sang "When Daylight is Going" from the beautiful opera of the Somnambula, accompanied by a full orchestra, with admirable effect. Indeed there was some sweet and beautiful voices among them, and keeping in mind their misfortunes, one could not help powerfully sympathising with the plaintive and sweet strains they breathed forth. Poor unfortunates!

"Not to them returns day,
Nor the sweet approach of e'en or morn,
But night instead and ever during dark
Surrounds them, from the ways of men cut off,
And for the book of knowledge fair presented,
With an universal blank."

But thanks to the Philanthropists of the age, and the skill and zeal of such men as Friedlander, Schmitz, and others, the last line of Milton is no longer true; their minds need no longer be blanks, but they become cultivated and improved, imbued with literature and science, and a taste and relish for the arts.

The instruction of the blind is one of the most interesting discoveries of the age. We regretted to see so few of our fellow citizens present at this interesting exhibition. Had it have been a *fashionable* opera night, the large Hall would have been crowded. As it was however, there were enough of the "generous and the good" to make the audience respectable in point of number, and to enable them to testify by the warmest applause, how much they enjoyed the performance, and how heartily they would cheer the young sightless amateurs on to still greater proficiency.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has liberally endowed this institution—at least it gave without a moment's hesitation every dollar it was asked to give—we think about $35,000, and it has received also handsome donations from private munificence. We believe its concerns and prospects are flourishing and count upon much good to the cause of humanity resulting from it.

Counterfeit $5 notes of the Morris Canal Bank are in circulation in New York. There are also about $10 counterfeits of the U. S. Bank.

PETTIT'S ADDRESS.

We have read with much pleasure, the very eloquent, and able address of the Hon. Thomas M. Pettit, delivered before the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania. The judge finds time, it would seem, notwithstanding his severe and laborious judicial duties, to make an occasional slight contribution to the cause of literature. We have noticed in particular, within the last few months, in addition to this address, a biographical sketch from his pen, of Commodore Dale; and another of Paul Jones, both of which appeared in the National Portrait Gallery. We admire the judge's style; like that in which his judicial opinions are delivered, it is clear and nervous, but unlike that, it is often embellished by the workings of a fine imagination.

The address was well delivered. The judge did not hesitate to assume to play the orator—but standing out fairly before his audience, and with the advantages of a fine person, voice and manner, gave to it all the effect that an animated flowing, and graceful elocution could impart. We notice this the more particularly, because some of our clever men who have occasionally delivered these addresses, have seemed to us, in several distinguished instances at least, to sacrifice or forego every thing like oratory, and to content themselves with barely reading, in an audible voice their productions, entitled it would seem to trust to the strong views, and opinions set forth for any effect to be produced.

We think, however, they are wrong, and that oratory is not an art to be so slightly regarded. We believe on the contrary its graces can impart beauty to the most common ideas, while without it, the thoughts of the richest mind, especially when expression is given to them before a popular assembly, lose half their effect. We have seen we repeat instances of this. We have seen our Musical Fund Hall, containing an audience of three or four thousand persons, as brilliant, talented and accomplished, as ever assembled in old Greece or Rome, or any where else, to be charmed by the eloquence of a Cicero or Demosthenes; we have seen our modern orator rise, and taking an attitude, certainly not remarkable for its grace, proceed to read off his speech. Now the thoughts and views would undoubtedly be very good, and well arranged upon paper, or in other words well written out; but had the wisdom of Solomon fallen from the lips of the reader, he would not have generally interested this popular assembly, intelligent as they, might be; nor perchance would he even obtain for himself the credit, to which his address, as a composition should entitle him. But if he would not stoop to emulate a Cicero, a Chatham, an Erskine, but rather treat the noble art of eloquence as beneath his consideration, neither should he hope to enjoy the great fame which such men by its cultivation and practice obtained for themselves. But we did not start to write an essay on oratory, but have inadvertently been lead to suggest what we think it does not consist in, and we would caution the young aspirant for its honors against adopting the instances we have alluded to, as models for his imitation, or examples after which he should form himself.

We give below a short extract from the address of Judge Pettit, and regret our want of room does not permit our introducing more of this truly able and eloquent address.

There are considerations belonging to our subject, which closely involve the highest and most enduring individual interests. Knowledge acts as a mighty leveller. Ignorance works out a similar result by the degradation which follows in its train. The diffusion of information operates by exalting our species. It is but a few centuries, since even in the most enlightened parts of Europe, the mere ability to read was reputed a mark of extraordinary learning. It is foreign to my purpose to trace the progress till it has grown and ripened into abundant fruit. But he who now aims to be distinguished above his fellow men, will find an extended field before him, full of active competitors. As the number in the certain portion of him who is distanced in the race, it becomes of course extremely important to reach at least the common standard. For one who is ignorant of the ordinary rules of social notice, who would stand far beyond the line of the general mass, who would be conspicuous in the lustre of his own superior excellence, there is no escape from the most active diligence, from incessant toil, and from unwearied application. True as this is in its general sense, it has enhanced force, when applied to particular pursuits. We have no law like that of the Egyptians, which prescribed that every man should follow the profession of his ancestors. Where the choice of occupations is as open and free as the very air we breathe, none that are not dishonest can be deemed debasing. The pride of a freeman swells with the consciousness of his immunities, conceded rights. Character is elevated by this spirit of independence. A corresponding cultivation must be put into requisition in order to sustain it. Knowledge is a part of our social system. In mechanics, it has been attended with such eminent success, as those who have most enlarged their understandings and expanded their mental faculties? In the varied employments connected with the infinite ramifications of commercial industry, the ground for honorable rivalry is so broad, and is so productive of able, active, and persevering struggles, that none but those whose capacities have been extensively improved and strengthened, can be sure of even the accompanied reward of exertion. In the diversified operations, so numerous and important in our country, which require the aid of the processes of art, and the researches of science, the utmost attainments of the human mind, human capabilities are absolutely requisite to keep pace with the progress and necessities of the times. Go into the learned professions.—What will surely and permanently availthe practitioner of the healing art, but great acquirements deep and varied, knowledge, and directed by discriminating and cultivated judgment. What will conduct to true reputation and solid success at the bar, but intellect invigorated, enlightened and purified by the most extensive learning, as well as adorned by the fascinating graces of refined eloquence. What but profound research and the largest share of appropriate acquirements, even in the strongest mind, will thoroughly vindicate the awful attempt to minister in holy things, to "preach unsearchable riches," to teach repentance unto life.

"To assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

The necessities of our condition thus come in aid of our theoretical duties. In the prosecution of these multifarious objects, there is also a marked peculiarity springing out of the freedom of our civil institutions. In other countries the operations of men even in the pursuit of their own happiness and honor, are, in a certain degree, regulated by arbitrary exactions and distinctions by legalized subdivisions of labor, which narrow the range of effort, compress the elasticity of enterprise, and check the genial current of intellectual energy. In this land, the absence of these impediments, makes success dependent upon the energies of our mind; and shows it in full vigour and activity, all the stimulating qualities and circumstances to which a reference has just been made.

THEATRICALS.

Chesnut Street Theatre.—Mr. Dowton commenced a short engagement on Monday evening, and made his first appearance in the 'Poor Gentleman.' His style of acting is chaste and dignified, and the line of characters he adopts is well calculated to show his talents to advantage.

Tuesday evening, 'The Rivals' was performed. We must not neglect this opportunity of paying a compliment to the people's favorite, Burton, on his laughter-moving personation of the character of of Bob Acres.

'Henry IV.' was played to a full house on the succeeding evening. Mr. Dowton, in the character of Falstaff, seemed perfectly at home.—His personation of the character, forcibly reminded us of the lamented veteran, Warren.

The afterpiece of the 'Mummy,' as usual, produced unbounded mirth.

This evening is Mr. Dowton's benefit and last appearance.

Walnut Street.—The house has been well attended throughout the present week, for the purpose of witnessing the performance of the wonderful dogs, Hector and Bruin.

Monday evening was the first exhibition of their animal sagacity, which was regarded by rounds of applause from the audience.

The succeeding evening the house was not so well filled, and we are informed that a marked difference was perceptible in the performance of the animals. We cannot vouch for the fact, but it is doubtless the occasion of their regained popularity, as at present they appear to be—to use a backneyed phrase—in the full tide of successful experiment.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Essay on Constonance—By T. Dick.—We must admire the motives which have evidently led the writer of this essay, to combat with one of the most insidious and powerful of those evil passions, which constitute the depravity of human nature. The love of gain, is in fact, the primary cause of most of the crime and wickedness that are met with in society; it is moreover a stigma which has been affixed to our own country in particular, and has become identified with our national character. Mr. Dick has written well and boldly against it; and if beautiful and expressive language combined with unquestionable argument, could avail in changing evil to good, we might look, and not in vain for its effects. But the vice, he would eradicate, is wherever it prevails, too deeply imbibed to yield to the force of reason, or the power of argument. Philosophy may reform the morals of mankind, and destroy those passions of which we suffer the ill effects; but the blow must have a powerful influence on the natural selfishness of human nature, to induce it to abandon its own interest.

The X. part of the Library of Medical Science, numerous with an essay on the general phenomena and treatment of Asphyxia. A long and accurate description is given of the appearance of those suffering under its infliction, and which the reader may contrast with the following powerful lines from—If our memory is correct—Shakspeare's Henry VI.

"But see! his face is black and full of blood,
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man;
His hair uprared; his nostrils stretched with struggling,
His hands abroad, displayed as one that grasped,
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued."

Herodotus—Harper & Brother.—The above volumes, comprising a translation of all the writings of Herodotus, that have descended to us form part of that inestimable series of works, "The Family Classical Library." In noticing the first volumes of this series, we expressed our admiration of the plan, and strong conviction of its ultimate success. These anticipations have been amply realized by the steady and increasing patronage, which has thus far attended its publication.

The translation contained in the volume before us, is not entirely literal. The *sense* of the original, is however well maintained, and in some instances the expression. It is written in a clear descriptive style, and improved by the addition of explanatory notes, in every case where the idioms of the language, renders elucidation necessary. The value of these historical details are so well known, and highly estimated by every scholar, that we deem it unnecessary to make any further comments on the subject.

Protestant Jesuitism.—We have perused this volume with some interest, on account of the numerous speculations that have been awakened regarding its authorship, since its first publication. That it is a work of unquestionable talent and power, cannot be denied; but the ultimate ends which the writer has proposed to himself, seems to be not so clearly defined. Some of our controversial periodicals appear to consider it as a marked defence of the Roman Catholic doctrines. We cannot concur in this opinion; the contents would rather incline us to believe that the author, is really—as he designates himself "a Protestant," and that his work is designed as a severe and just rebuke, on what he considers the illiberal and jesuitical proceedings of some of the most prominent members of his church. Viewing it in this light, our impartiality must forbid us determining how far these strictures are merited. We can only recommend the volume, as containing many apparently strong and forcible arguments, and which if erroneous, should meet with a prompt reply.

The Rambler in Mexico.—Latrobe possesses a very agreeable style for a journalist. His casual descriptions of the scenery through which he travelled, proves that he actually felt the influence of the natural beauty he so well describes. His style is interesting, because he writes down the first impression that is made upon his mind, and does not seek for polished phrases or refined composition, wherein to express his opinions—this is right. In abstract subjects we are permitted to attend to the manner of our phraseology—but in describing natural objects, our language should also be natural.

Notwithstanding its unpretending style, there is a great deal of interesting and original information comprised in its contents. A perusal of the volume, however, will tell more in its favour than any eulogium we could give. The work is for sale by Mr. Perkins.

Diary of a Blase—Carey & Hart.—Whether the popularity of Captain Marryatt will sustain his present production in the favor of the reading public, is a question that at present we can scarcely decide. The impression that a hasty perusal left upon our mind, was, that it would prove to be a decided failure. The contents are dull and uninteresting, and we should have strong doubts of its acknowledged paternity, did not some incidental passages put the point beyond question. That every body will read it there is no doubt; and from divers expressed opinions on the subject, we are inclined to think that there will be the same similarity in its condemnation.

The inferiority of the present volume to the preceding works of the author, can only be attributed to one cause,—and that is the rapidity of their succession. To conclude with a homely adage, the gallant Captain has "too many irons in the fire;" and in the present instance the result though unfavourable, was nevertheless to be expected.

The Pickwick Club—Carey, Lea & Blanchard.—The author of this volume has done injustice to his own reputation in ushering his production into the world without the sanction of a name. The work is full of passages, which for sterling wit and humorous incident, are unequalled among our modern writers. Many of the pathetic scenes are well managed, and they are aptly introduced at the very moment, before the reader has been fatigued with the succession of laughter moving incidents. This distinguishes it from the contents, was rarely in the book—and makes up for whatever may be deficient in connexion, or the display of imaginative power. It is moreover, a great advantage in those light sketches of nature, where a great deal depends upon the manner of the relation, rather than on the matter of which they are composed. We perceive by a notice at the end, that the publication of another volume is designed shortly. We have already marked several extracts from the one before us, which shall appear as soon as space and time permit.

Text Book of Ecclesiastical History—Carey, Lea & Blanchard.—We have not had leisure sufficient to give a thorough perusal of these volumes—but judging from our hasty survey, we should presume that they will meet a welcome reception from every theological student. A large portion of the three volumes are devoted to an explanation of the various shades of difference that are observable throughout the Christian Church. Much valuable erudition is displayed in the commentaries on the primeval differences, in belief that took their rise soon after the propagation of our present enlightened faith. The information contained in this part is valuable to every one who feels an interest in the controversial doctrines of the present time. We regret that our limits will not allow us to elucidate these remarks by suitable extracts.

Frascati or Scenes in Paris—Is we doubt not a correct delineation of the scenes of vice and iniquity daily witnessed in the gambling houses of Paris. The autobiographical form of the narrative is well sustained, and the peculiar character of the hero of the work is admirably brought forward. It is a good novel, although the less we allude to the moral of the work the better it will be for the publishers. The dourtrines held forth by one of the principal characters on the subject of sexual and sexes are distinguished by great boldness of conception, and have doubtless many supporters in the quarter whence they originate. Ourselves have recently had an opportunity of bearing reluctant testimony to their perfect reduction to practice on this side of the Atlantic.

Andrew the Savoyard, translated from the French of Pandin Kock.—Carey & Hart.—We had cursory misgivings on opening the first volume of this translation, respecting the judgment we should be obliged to pass on the contents. De Kock does not hold a very high reputation either for purity of thought, or delicacy of sentiment. Our continental neighbours it is well known do not scruple to tolerate the most unbounded profligacy of sentiment, and licentiousness of description, if it tends to display the graces of an elegant style or the beauties of a polished composition. We view the subject in a different light, and cannot participate in their high appreciation of the fertility of an imagination, that is invested on records of vice and infamy.

The present work, however, seems to be in a great measure devoid of the faults we have alluded to, and, is probably a very fair specimen of the amount of talent usually bestowed on the productions of this writer. It forms the 31st and 32d volumes of the series of his published works, though we believe the present is only the second or third of those that have undergone the process of translation into our language.

To return to our subject—there is undoubtedly a great deal of invention displayed in the construction of the plot of the Savoyard, and it may lay claim to some merit on the score of originality. The omission of one or two chapters, towards the conclusion would not have destroyed its poignancy, and would certainly have improved it in other respects. We can, however, conscientiously recommend it to such of our readers as may be disposed to devote a leisure hour to its perusal. There are some objectionable passages, but the vivid delineation of national characteristics, in almost every rank of society, that the volumes contain will counterbalance the faults we have mentioned. Messrs. Carey & Hart of this city are the publishers.

Frost's United States.—We have examined this compilation with some attention, and find that the many commendations it has received from various sources, have not been undeserved. A large number of well executed engravings are distributed throughout its pages and the binding, printing, &c. are remarkably neat and plain. The selections are well chosen and the methodical arrangement of the historical divisions appears to be both novel and ingenious.—We do not doubt but that the publisher Mr. E. Biddle will receive in an extensive demand the recompense, which its usefulness, as a publication will merit.

BEAVER SILK CULTURE AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The annual meeting of this corporation was held on Monday evening last, when a committee made a detailed report of the proceedings of the Managers for the past year.

An election was entered into, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year, viz:—

Directors—S. C. Atkinson—Philadelphia.
M. B. Smith, do.
George Peterson, do.
Charles H. Kirk, do.
Wm. L. Newbold, do.
Thomas C. Bradbury, do.
Charles Alexander, do.
Thomas P. Jones, do.
James Patterson, Beaver.
John Dickey, do.
E. K. Chamberlin, do.
Titus W. Powers, N. York.
Freeman Burdsall, do.

Treasurer—George W. Ash.

A committee was then appointed to condense the report of the proceedings of the company, for publication.

At an adjourned meeting held on Thursday evening, the committee appointed for the purpose, presented the following report—

Gentlemen,—Having been appointed by the Beaver Silk Culture and Manufacturing Company of Pennsylvania, at their annual election on Monday evening the 7th inst. to condense and prepare for publication, from the report then read, and other materials in our possession, a brief statement of the operations of the association, to the close of their first year, we present the following

REPORT.

In the month of October, 1835, an association was formed, consisting of some thirty gentlemen in the city of Philadelphia, and about half that number in Beaver county, Pa. whose objects we learn from the following *Preamble*, adopted by them at that time.

Whereas, it is believed that the Culture of the Mulberry tree and the manufacture of Silk, will soon become objects of deep interest in Pennsylvania, and particularly in Beaver County, where they have been successfully prosecuted for several years, by the Society at Economy, and whereas real estate may now be purchased at a low rate in the vicinity of the Beaver River, which is slightly situated and well adapted—and whereas, in pursuance of the proceedings already had in our Legislature, with a view to the encouragement of the Culture of the Mulberry, by the incorporation of companies, which shall have planted and successfully cultivated a certain number of trees, and have made a certain number of silk cocoons, we have complied with the requirements as above: We do therefore associate ourselves under the name and title of, &c.

In pursuance of public notice, a meeting of Stockholders was held in Philadelphia on the first Monday of November 1835, at which were elected ten directors, and a treasurer; seven directors in Philadelphia, and three in Beaver the Society of Friends, appointed for the purpose at the residence of Samuel W. Morris, Westtown, Tioga Co. Penn. JOSEPH F. MORRIS, of Bloomsburg, to SARAH E. daughter of Samuel W. Morris, of the former place.

On Monday evening, the 7th inst. by Alderman Peter Christian, Mr. DAVID ROBERTS, of Maryland, to Miss CATHARINE ANN GARNETT, of Pennsylvania.

On Thursday evening, 3d inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Mr. ROBERT TAYLOR, to Miss ELIZABETH EMERICK, all of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Albert Judson, Mr. GEORGE H. EWING, to Miss HENRIETTA JOHNSON, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by Rev. Addison Mines, Mr. OBADIAH WADE, to Miss PHEBE SEELY.

On the 3d inst. by Alderman Lewis, Mr. ALEXANDER RICKHOW, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss WILHELMINA STILES, of Gloucester county, N. J.

On Thursday, 3d inst. by the Rev. R. E. Kemp, WASHINGTON HUMPHREY, of Philadelphia, to Miss DEBORAH PERMAR, of Lima, Delaware county, Pa.

At Pottsville, by the Rev. J. McCool, BENJAMIN BANNAN, Editor of the Mineral Journal, to MARY, daughter of William Newell, of Pottsville.

At Wilmington, Del. on Wednesday, 9th inst. by the Rev. W. C. Russell, CHAS. T. GRUBB, Esq. to Miss ANN ELIZA, daughter of the late Dr. Jos. Vansellen all of that city.

DEATHS.

On Saturday evening, 5th inst THOMAS BROWN, Sen. in the 66th year of his age.

Suddenly, on Saturday evening, 5th inst. of scarlet fever, EZ. BETH SUDDER, daughter of George W. and Margaret Lee, in the 3d year of her age.

On Wednesday 2d inst. ANTHONY LONTZI, a native of Switzerland, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 10th ult. on board the schr. Creole, on her passage from Tampico, to New Orleans, AMBROSE W. SMITH, of Philadelphia, in the 21st year of his age.

On Tuesday morning, 8th inst. Mrs. SARAH NAYLOR, in the 76th year of her age.

On Monday morning, the 7th inst. Mrs. MARY THOMAS, wife of Joseph M. Thomas, in the 25th year of her age.

On First Day, the 30th of 10th month, at his residence, in New London, Chester county, CORNELIUS CONNARD, in the 73d year of his age.

In New Castle, Del. 1st inst. GEORGE READ, Jr. Esq. one of the leading members of the New Castle bar.

At sea, Sept. 14th 1836, on board the Barque Louisa, Mr. JOHN BROOKES, aged 19, a native of England.

There were 112 deaths in Philadelphia during the past week, 81 of which were adults, and 29 children, 12 people of color included in the amount.

Clothing.
PAWNBROKERS' SALE
800 LOTS of Fall and Winter Clothing, will be sold without reserve, on Monday morning Nov. 14th, 1836, at 10 o'clock, at Baker & Hinkley's Auction Store, No. 27 N. Third st. near the City Hotel, consisting of Gentlemen's cloth, cassimet and plaid cloaks, and wrappers, hangings and front coats, black and light body coats; pantaloons cloth, velvet and silk vests, pea coats; monkey jackets and roundabouts; linen, cotton and flannel shirts; short frocks, collars and stocks; hats, caps, boots and shoes; silk and cotton handkerchiefs and under-flies. Ladies' cloth, merino, worsted and plaid cloaks; elegant merino, blanket, crape and worsted shawls; ladies' silk merino, worsted, chintz and calico dresses, and dress patterns; flannel and muslin petticoats and aprons; black and white lace veils; capes, collars, fur boas, and head bags. Boys' and Girls' clothing; quilts, carpet d. blankets, sheets, sheets, curtains, table cloths, bolster and pillow cases, and numerous articles not mentioned.
Also, 4 feather beds, and 10 do. new Valencia vests.
Time is the, new vests, clocks and chest, will be sold between 11 and 12 o'clock. The new vests will be sold by the dozen—by order of a thousand Pawnbroker.
nov 12—4t BAKER & MACKEY, Auct'ns.

Theatre, Chesnut Street.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. DOWTON.

Saturday Evening, November 12,
Will be presented the Comedy of
THE HYPOCRITE.
Dr. Cantwell, as originally performed by him in London, on its great and successful revival...Mr. DOWTON.
Mawworm.....Mr. SURTON.
After which, the comic piece of
THE SCOTCH COOPER.
Duncan M'Keg, the Scotch Cooper...Mr. Maywood.
To conclude with the gem comedy of
THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.
Drysdale.....Mr. DOWTON.
Sir Charles Rackett.....Mr. Wood.
Lady Racket, 1st time.....Mrs. Rowbotham.

American Walnut St. Theatre.

MR. CONEY'S BENEFIT.
Last Night of the New Drama.
Saturday Evening, November 12,
Will be acted
WALLACE;
Or, The Hero of Scotland.
Wallace.....Mr. Conner.
and Young Bloodwort.....Mr. Coney.
After which,
LA PETITE;
Or, The Pirate's Home.
La Petite, Mr. Conner; Martinez, Clark; Gerbodon, Coney; Gonsalvo, Bailey; Theodore, Mrs. Willis; Constanza, Mrs. Preston. Gala, Stark.

ALMANAC.

NOVEMBER, 1836.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
12 SATURDAY.	7 3	4 57	3 27	
13 SUNDAY.	7 4	4 56	4 36	D. H. M.
14 MONDAY.	7 5	4 55	7 20	
15 TUESDAY.	7 6	4 54	8 46	Last 1 2 36
16 WEDNESDAY.	7 7	4 53	9 50	New 9 4 27
17 THURSDAY.	7 8	4 52	10 5	First 15 1 22
18 FRIDAY.	7 9	4 52	10 47	Full 23 12 33
19 SATURDAY.	7 9	4 51	11 26	

Northern Liberties Savings Institution.—An adjourned meeting of the Board of Directors of the Northern Liberties Savings Institution, will be held on Monday evening next, at Mr. Sheppard's, North Front street below Green.
nov 12—1t

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. George C. Potts, Mr. JOHN MIDDLETON, Jr. to Miss RACHAEL, daughter of Samuel Porter, Esq. all of the city.

On Thursday evening, 3d inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, COURTLAND STARR, of New Castle, Co. to ELIZABETH HALLAM, daughter of Ann Spencer of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 2d inst. by the Rev. Geo. Boyd, PHILLIP H. ELLIS, to EMILY, daughter of Col. Joseph S. Riley, all of this city.

On Tuesday morning, the 1st inst. by the Rev. W. Douglass, W. H. MILLS, to Miss CHARLOTTE A. MATTHEWS, all of this city.

On Fourth Day evening, 3d inst. in a meeting of the Society of Friends, assembled for the purpose at the residence of Samuel W. Morris, Westtown, Tioga Co. Penn. JOSEPH F. MORRIS, of Bloomsburg, to SARAH E. daughter of Samuel W. Morris, of the former place.

On Monday evening, the 7th inst. by Alderman Peter Christian, Mr. DAVID ROBERTS, of Maryland, to Miss CATHARINE ANN GARNETT, of Pennsylvania.

On Thursday evening, 3d inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Mr. ROBERT TAYLOR, to Miss ELIZABETH EMERICK, all of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Albert Judson, Mr. GEORGE H. EWING, to Miss HENRIETTA JOHNSON, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by Rev. Addison Mines, Mr. OBADIAH WADE, to Miss PHEBE SEELY.

On the 3d inst. by Alderman Lewis, Mr. ALEXANDER RICKHOW, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss WILHELMINA STILES, of Gloucester county, N. J.

On Thursday, 3d inst. by the Rev. R. E. Kemp, WASHINGTON HUMPHREY, of Philadelphia, to Miss DEBORAH PERMAR, of Lima, Delaware county, Pa.

At Pottsville, by the Rev. J. McCool, BENJAMIN BANNAN, Editor of the Mineral Journal, to MARY, daughter of William Newell, of Pottsville.

At Wilmington, Del. on Wednesday, 9th inst. by the Rev. W. C. Russell, CHAS. T. GRUBB, Esq. to Miss ANN ELIZA, daughter of the late Dect. Jos. Vansellen all of that city.

DEATHS.

On Saturday evening, 5th inst THOMAS BROWN, Sen. in the 66th year of his age.

Suddenly, on Saturday evening, 5th inst. of scarlet fever, EZ. BETH SUDDER, daughter of George W. and Margaret Lee, in the 3d year of her age.

On Wednesday 2d inst. ANTHONY LONTZI, a native of Switzerland, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 10th ult. on board the schr. Creole, on her passage from Tampico, to New Orleans, AMBROSE W. SMITH, of Philadelphia, in the 21st year of his age.

On Tuesday morning, 8th inst. Mrs. SARAH NAYLOR, in the 76th year of her age.

On Monday morning, the 7th inst. Mrs. MARY THOMAS, wife of Joseph M. Thomas, in the 25th year of her age.

On First Day, the 30th of 10th month, at his residence, in New London, Chester county, CORNELIUS CONNARD, in the 73d year of his age.

In New Castle, Del. 1st inst. GEORGE READ, Jr. Esq. one of the leading members of the New Castle bar.

At sea, Sept. 14th 1836, on board the Barque Louisa, Mr. JOHN BROOKES, aged 19

Vanishing like specks of Kelly,
When driven by all the shovers.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

(Continued.)

Some sixty years ago, or we began to make a shiver,
Or new fashions in the things of smoking, oh!
Dutch tobacco did demand that we their shows should do,
But that was—all my eye and Betty Martin, oh!

They were horribly in debt, it made them feisty and fun,
For they found that their last galaxy was depriving, oh!
So they said they'd make a raise, by smoking and other ways,
But that was—all my eye and Betty Martin, oh!

Oh, papa, papa, was they declared to the devil he,
Of these pseudos every pound for nothing, oh!
But the Revolution, who plan, to old Betty gladly do,
But that was—all my eye and Betty Martin, oh!

They sent out their ships, with tobacco and with whisky,
And sworn for this, their indebtedness should be nothing, oh!
But the Yankees found these ships and sworn put to rout,
But that was—all my eye and Betty Martin, oh!

Consequently some years ago, [illegible] about
And to hear of it by dozens made quite astonished!
But Lafayette awoke—he hadn't him in a doubt
And made him—all my eye and Betty Martin, oh!

Uncle George is a sage, never started out to wage,
When he found their slightly offence he'd have paying, oh!
But brave Washington and Lee so made sweet sweet they should be free,
But that was—all my eye and Betty Martin, oh!

"Managerial Embarrassment."—"Mister Printer! I've come to the conclusion to patronize and take your paper, of——" A very wise conclusion, sir. "At least one quarter, sir, to try it." Always happy to see a new friend, sir. "And if I like it——" Oh! you, sir." "But if I don't like it——" Either way sir—" I'll bring all the numbers back, when the quarter's up—gratis." "Then what do mind for them, sir?"

A French writer says that "the modest department of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the ignorant, may be compared to the Violet, which conceals its odour, which, while its star is concealed, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends meekly down, and withdraws from observation."

Masculine Eloquence.—The homely gospel specimen in the benevolent globe of the East Long Island Herald, not was catched on the top of the Boston Post, by Cupid Grey, said of the wonderful hearing Indian who returned from the Hottentots in West Dutchen's Land, and was only captivated after it had drink's three gallons of rum daily!"

A sporting gentleman, passing by a house he observed on the door, the separate names of a physician and surgeon, and facetiously remarked that he knew a person just him in mind of a double barrelled gun, for if one missed, the other was sure to kill.

When a tradesman in Holland or Germany goes a courting, the first question the young woman asks him is—"Are you able to pay the charge?" That is to say in English are you able to keep a wife when you have got her? What a world of misery it would prevent if the young women in all countries would ask the same question.

A merchant a few miles from Petersburg, Va., on a recent visit to the city of Richmond, and comparing its contents with the stores of R., remarked, "I never was there was charged double. This he mentioned to a young Frenchman, his companion, who immediately exclaimed, "Sare, my sare, don't be other country charge more than single? Did not the nagger take it out of the nagger and go upon it with?"

A Pun.—A spermaceti dealer in Yorkshire, had a house up for sale. A man called to peep into this, and asked the owner if the "house would draw well?" "Will he?" returned the other, "this will be much pleased to see him draw." A bargain was struck and the money was paid. After the buyer had kept the house several days, he went to the seller, and said, "That house will not draw at one course. You warranted him to draw well." "Then art mistaken, friend," replied the gentleman; "I told thee that then wouldst be pleased to see him draw. So should I be pleased to see him draw; but I never could get him to gratify me in that respect."

How to meet a Creditor.—If you see your creditor at a distance, walk boldly up to him, and as you go by, hope his rheumatism is better, if he be about to say you seem to step him, and, before he can make a reply, tell you that you faithfully promised to pay him the week ago, tell him that he has neglected sending in your account, and that you must have it by the twenty-fifth of next month. Tell him to call for the amount on Tuesday. You need not be at home, for he won't come.

Irish Negro.—An Irishman with his family landing at Philadelphia, was accosted on shore by a negro, who spoke to Pat in Irish. The latter taking the black fellow for one of his own countrymen, asked how long he had been in America? About four months was the reply. The chap-fallen Irishman turned to his wife and exclaimed—"But four months in this country and almost as black as yet."

Sheridan's Dress and Difficulties.—Sheridan once wanted to take Mrs. Sheridan a very handsome dress home from the country, and went to Barber & Nun's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising ready money.—Mrs. Barber said the time was short, but ready money was a charming thing, and he should have it. At the time appointed she brought the dress, which came to £15, and it was sent in to Mr. Sheridan, who sent out a Mr. Grimm, one of his jackalls, to say that he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry he had nothing under a £100 bank note in the house—he said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a £100, £500 or £500 note if it was necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for further instructions; who in the hours of study, had lost the stamped receipt by him. For this Mr. B. said she was clap provided; she had brought one in her pocket. At each message she could hear them laughing heartily in the next room at the idea of having met with their match for once and presently Sheridan came out in high good humor, and paid her the amount of her bill. His house and lobby were beset with dunns every morning, who soon told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and always turn away disappointed for company. As soon as he had breakfasted, he generally let fly the door all shut, John—and being answered that several gentlemen of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown.—*Hoskin's Literary Remains.*

Newspapers.—The Hon. Judge Longstreet says,—"Small is the sum required to patronize a newspaper, and amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how poor and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is not in nature impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter fifty two times a year, without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price.—Every parent whose son is off from him at school, should be supplied with a newspaper. I will remember what a marked difference there was between those of my school mates who had, and those who had not, access to newspapers.—Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain; they had command of more facts. A newspaper is a history of current events, as well as a topione and interesting miscellany, and which youth will peruse with delight, when they will read nothing else."

Exploded Phosphorescence.—The remarkable shrub, which grows on the rivers in Brazil in South America, is said to have much the property of spontaneous combustion. A very interesting paper on the subject was lately read before the London Linnean Society, by Mr. Murray, who has witnessed its ignition. He says, when the Euphorbia forms large entangled impenetrable masses, covering perhaps a quarter of an acre of ground, and growing some twenty feet high, it will take fire spontaneously, emitting, for some time, a vast column of dense black smoke, and at last burning out in a few flames. Whenever the author had an opportunity of observing the combustion of the juice of this plant, on its coming in contact with atmospheric air, the temperature was a very little raised; the combustion (with flame) went on at a low temperature, and stopped by the formation of a crust, which quickly takes place.—The temperature always appears to be too low to spread into a conflagration.—*Sixth Mol.*

A Curious Case lately occurred at the Bank of Bengal. A entire personal account came for be cashed, when it was discovered that the was no signature attached to them, although in every other respect correct. Payment for them was of course refused, and an enquiry commenced which the person who produced them, said was imposed upon him by a stranger, who made inquiries within the bank, to ascertain whether they could have been issued without signature. Every thing there, however, proved that they had been given out in a proper manner, the individual himself a merchant of Calcutta, to whom they were issued, having discovered they had been deposited in his counting house by a stranger, and that the action of the metal had totally removed the signature which was written with common ink, although it had not affected the printed portion of the notes. The company had this property was fully shown by the bank officers; but it does not appear whether the bank changed the notes.—*Calcutta Papers.*

Gerard College.—A travelling friend of ours speaks in warm terms of this splendid work, which, by the way, is not remote from his country, and accordingly given to the Duchess of Kent. The notion of tradition is in it decorum. There are three large and beautiful college edifices, overshadowing to each other in style, located in the Ionic, with each other, and with a magnificent marble chapel, which, for the moment, of any, is in Rome for the eye to look at. All these buildings are being built of the purest white marble, from Italy, and of every a style which is unsurpassed in America, or, perhaps, in Europe, in extent. It will probably cost half upon a million and a quarter and a million and a half. It is said there are $50,000 worth of white marble in the building, &c. to be found upon temporary staging, &c. to be found in the building, and that the roof of the principal building are between thirty and forty of these marble pillars, with a diameter of 4 feet, on or seven feet, supporting of two or three hundred tons of marble, and a marble roof two hundred. These capitals are the finest ever seen, each one of them employing a first rate workman for nearly two years. The whole work is in the same proportion. Girard is a world, but provided himself a monument in nothing, perhaps, in the pyramids, and for more durability in his tomb; while distributes the peculiar design of it will prevent him, as long as morning continues to be cherished in its walls, from being forgotten by the people of the country, the only people who will find the benefit of his work.—*Boston Transcript.*

Defence of Polygamy.—The Secession in the Colonies purpose, on the subject of polygamy, and who exercised the profession of an augur or of opinions on funeral monuments, was buried yesterday. Behind her coffin walked a young man, who was recognized as one of the Polite officers, now resident here, who was in mourning and behaved in tears, and with more and more interrupted the priests who chanted the burial service, striking his bosom and uttering—"It was my fault—it was I who killed her." It appears that the Pole was the young girl's lover, and that on the morning preceding, poor Elien, who was in delicate health, had one of those little quarrels with her admirer, which are never followed by a renewal of love. But, also! on this occasion the lover's drama did not result in an interchange of forgiveness. At the close of their discussion, the girl's melody assumed a dangerous type, and she died the same night. At the instant they were lowering her coffin into the grave, the young man rushed through the bystanders, like a madman, and threw himself into the grave; and, before they had time to remove him, his head has sent, the report and flash of a pistol were distinguished. The unhappy youth had shot himself through the head on the coffin of his beloved. The precipitancy of the dreadful deed, however, prevented its accomplishment; and although the wound in the head is most terrible, hopes are still entertained that he may be cured.

The editor of a foreign journal, writing upon the value of time, states that "Lord Brougham, the most indefatigable man in England, often does not quit his study before midnight, and he is always up at 4. Dr. Cotton Mather, who knew the value of time in every thing, was accustomed to lose a moment of it. To effect this purpose, he had written upon the door of his study in large letters, '*Be Brief.*' Ursinus, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, willing to prevent the idlers and babblers from interrupting him in the hours of study, had written on the entrance of his library, 'Friend, whoever you may be, who enter here, be quick with your business, or go away.' The learned Scaliger placed the following phrase upon the door of his cabinet,—'My time is my estate.'—The favorite maxim of Shakespeare was, 'Consider time too precious to be spent in gossiping.' Friends are the real robbers of time, said Lord Byron. An old attorney of Chatelet was accustomed to get rid of such of his clients as were importunate in these words:—'My good friends, time not gone for nothing.' Sire, one word, said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request of a lengthy document. 'If you say two, answered the Prince, 'I will have you hanged.' 'Sign,' replied the soldier. The Monarch surprised at his promptness of mind, immediately granted the request.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The following extract from the "French story of the Revolution, and its horrors," will serve to illustrate the dark and bloody end of the sufferer of the Antoinette Mobility Bloodgrounds. The scene is the Place de Grève, where the guillotine was erected in various forms with a variety of horrors.

"Among them, the most remarkable was a young child, of about three years, who, with hair high, wrinkled the centrosity of age, and the manners were those, and he never forgot for a moment the other peculiarity of his character, by his advanced age of the mere infant, and by his educated manner of the boy. He was brought, and supported without aid the throne of the old man, who leaned heavily upon him. The other remarks on the mode of a fairy cross, the grandfather, the child, the mere child, the grandfather, whose frame trembled and bent beneath the weight of the child, whose frame trembled and bent beneath the weight of the grandfather, and a little by the pressure of his hand, and the tender circle of its operations. He is making the State stronger; making other States her debtor; and is putting forth an effort, which, in a few years, will place him in a position to be a benefactor, to protect and to succour those who in another State, are laboring with no other implements than their hands, and those simple mechanical aids which are furnished to the family or in the field, where their arts are only in their infancy.—*Pierpont.*

A Predicament.—The following amusing occurrence took place at Kensington turnpike lately, on the return of the company from a grand assembly given to the Duchess of Kent. About three o'clock the carriage of the youthful head of the noble house of R——, drew up at the gate, when Kite, the toll collector, demanded six pence, the amount of toll for carriage and horses. The footman in livery, began to fumble in his pockets for the amount, but after first searching one pocket and then the other, he declared he had not a sous about him. The coachman was then applied to, but he assumed the same with the better excuse. Kite then opened the door of the carriage and exclaimed to her grace, who was wondering at the delay, the moneyless condition of the servants, when the noble duke, after going through the ceremony of searching his pockets, also appealed to declare that he was also cash.—His Grace however handed the collector his card, and offered to pledge his honor he would send the money down in the course of the day, but Kite, knowing the old adage, that "promises and pie crust are made to be broken," said he was a money taker and not a money leader, and not only refused to take a pledge of so fragile a nature but declared unless he had not hard cash, or some substantial substitute for it, his grace must go back again. Application was then made by the footman to a policeman, who had just come to the spot, for the loan of a "tanner," to extricate the Duke from his grandeur situation, but the poor constable was not a whit better off than the peer and his attendants, and it was not until the footman had doffed his laced coat, and left it as security, the carriage was allowed to pass.—*London Paper.*

The *Pilot of Calvados* contains the following affecting incident in its impressions of the 6th July—

A tragical event, of a character happily very rare in this city, is at this moment the subject of general conversation.

A young girl named Eliza Lecante, aged 17, and who exercised the profession of an engraver of opinions on funeral monuments, was buried yesterday. Behind her coffin walked a young man, who was recognized as one of the Polish officers, now resident here, who was in mourning and behaved in tears, and with more and more interrupted the priests who chanted the burial service, striking his bosom and uttering—"It was my fault—it was I who killed her." It appears that the Pole was the young girl's lover, and that on the morning preceding, poor Elien, who was in delicate health, had one of those little quarrels with her admirer, which are never followed by a renewal of love. But, also! on this occasion the lover's drama did not result in an interchange of forgiveness. At the close of their discussion, the girl's melody assumed a dangerous type, and she died the same night. At the instant they were lowering her coffin into the grave, the young man rushed through the bystanders, like a madman, and threw himself into the grave; and, before they had time to remove him, his head has sent, the report and flash of a pistol were distinguished. The unhappy youth had shot himself through the head on the coffin of his beloved. The precipitancy of the dreadful deed, however, prevented its accomplishment; and although the wound in the head is most terrible, hopes are still entertained that he may be cured.

A LETTER—AFFECTING SCENE.

A day or two since, a gentleman at Rochester, I was informed, received a letter from his brother, only when the date, then, was about a month. The event in the Place de Grève, where the guillotine was erected in various forms with a variety of horrors.

"Among them, the most remarkable was a young child, of about three years, who, with hair high, wrinkled the centrosity of age, and the manners were those, and he never forgot for a moment the other peculiarity of his character, by his advanced age of the mere infant, and by his educated manner of the boy. He was brought, and supported without aid the throne of the old man, who leaned heavily upon him. The other remarks on the mode of a fairy cross, the grandfather, the child, the mere child, the grandfather, whose frame trembled and bent beneath the weight of the child, whose frame trembled and bent beneath the weight of the grandfather, and a little by the pressure of his hand, and the tender circle of its operations. He is making the State stronger; making other States her debtor; and is putting forth an effort, which, in a few years, will place him in a position to be a benefactor, to protect and to succour those who in another State, are laboring with no other implements than their hands, and those simple mechanical aids which are furnished to the family or in the field, where their arts are only in their infancy.—*Pierpont.*

A Predicament.—The following amusing occurrence took place at Kensington turnpike lately, on the return of the company from a grand assembly given to the Duchess of Kent. About three o'clock the carriage of the youthful head of the noble house of R——, drew up at the gate, when Kite, the toll collector, demanded six pence, the amount of toll for carriage and horses. The footman in livery, began to fumble in his pockets for the amount, but after first searching one pocket and then the other, he declared he had not a sous about him. The coachman was then applied to, but he assumed the same with the better excuse. Kite then opened the door of the carriage and exclaimed to her grace, who was wondering at the delay, the moneyless condition of the servants, when the noble duke, after going through the ceremony of searching his pockets, also appealed to declare that he was also cash.—His Grace however handed the collector his card, and offered to pledge his honor he would send the money down in the course of the day, but Kite, knowing the old adage, that "promises and pie crust are made to be broken," said he was a money taker and not a money leader, and not only refused to take a pledge of so fragile a nature but declared unless he had not hard cash, or some substantial substitute for it, his grace must go back again. Application was then made by the footman to a policeman, who had just come to the spot, for the loan of a "tanner," to extricate the Duke from his grandeur situation, but the poor constable was not a whit better off than the peer and his attendants, and it was not until the footman had doffed his laced coat, and left it as security, the carriage was allowed to pass.—*London Paper.*

The *Pilot of Calvados* contains the following affecting incident in its impressions of the 6th July—

A tragical event, of a character happily very rare in this city, is at this moment the subject of general conversation.

A young girl named Eliza Lecante, aged 17, and who exercised the profession of an engraver of opinions on funeral monuments, was buried yesterday. Behind her coffin walked a young man, who was recognized as one of the Polish officers, now resident here, who was in mourning and behaved in tears, and with more and more interrupted the priests who chanted the burial service, striking his bosom and uttering—"It was my fault—it was I who killed her." It appears that the Pole was the young girl's lover, and that on the morning preceding, poor Elien, who was in delicate health, had one of those little quarrels with her admirer, which are never followed by a renewal of love. But, also! on this occasion the lover's drama did not result in an interchange of forgiveness. At the close of their discussion, the girl's melody assumed a dangerous type, and she died the same night. At the instant they were lowering her coffin into the grave, the young man rushed through the bystanders, like a madman, and threw himself into the grave; and, before they had time to remove him, his head has sent, the report and flash of a pistol were distinguished. The unhappy youth had shot himself through the head on the coffin of his beloved. The precipitancy of the dreadful deed, however, prevented its accomplishment; and although the wound in the head is most terrible, hopes are still entertained that he may be cured.

The editor of a foreign journal, writing upon the value of time, states that "Lord Brougham, the most indefatigable man in England, often does not quit his study before midnight, and he is always up at 4. Dr. Cotton Mather, who knew the value of time in every thing, was accustomed to lose a moment of it. To effect this purpose, he had written upon the door of his study in large letters, '*Be Brief.*' Ursinus, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, willing to prevent the idlers and babblers from interrupting him in the hours of study, had written on the entrance of his library, 'Friend, whoever you may be, who enter here, be quick with your business, or go away.' The learned Scaliger placed the following phrase upon the door of his cabinet,—'My time is my estate.'—The favorite maxim of Shakespeare was, 'Consider time too precious to be spent in gossiping.' Friends are the real robbers of time, said Lord Byron. An old attorney of Chatelet was accustomed to get rid of such of his clients as were importunate in these words:—'My good friends, time not gone for nothing.' Sire, one word, said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request of a lengthy document. 'If you say two,' answered the Prince, 'I will have you hanged.' 'Sign,' replied the soldier. The Monarch surprised at his promptness of mind, immediately granted the request.

Defence of Polygamy.—The Secession in the Colonies purpose, on the subject of polygamy, and who exercised the profession of an augur or of opinions on funeral monuments, was buried yesterday. Behind her coffin walked a young man, who was recognized as one of the Polish officers, now resident here, who was in mourning and behaved in tears, and with more and more interrupted the priests who chanted the burial service, striking his bosom and uttering—"It was my fault—it was I who killed her." It appears that the Pole was the young girl's lover, and that on the morning preceding, poor Elien, who was in delicate health, had one of those little quarrels with her admirer, which are never followed by a renewal of love. But, also! on this occasion the lover's drama did not result in an interchange of forgiveness. At the close of their discussion, the girl's melody assumed a dangerous type, and she died the same night. At the instant they were lowering her coffin into the grave, the young man rushed through the bystanders, like a madman, and threw himself into the grave; and, before they had time to remove him, his head has sent, the report and flash of a pistol were distinguished. The unhappy youth had shot himself through the head on the coffin of his beloved. The precipitancy of the dreadful deed, however, prevented its accomplishment; and although the wound in the head is most terrible, hopes are still entertained that he may be cured.

Enterprise is Wealth.—So true it is that mechanical ingenuity, enterprise and skill, are to a great extent capable of proportionating capital employed, in almost every thing that contributes to the efficient power of the state, when that ingenuity and art will become the allies of science and walk, and work in light which the lamp of science lights for them. It is scarcely that a practical mechanic, who has acquired a mastery of the mathematical and physical sciences as to enable him to carry on the details of his trade to the greatest advantage possible,—the scientific man, who has acquired the knowledge to a practical use by applying it to mechanical operations,—the capitalist, who calls forth the dormant energies of iron mines, and gives profitable employment to the strength that have for ages been running to waste,—the artisans who construct pieces of operative machinery, or who manufacture and directs its movements;—the merchant, who sends manufactures abroad for a market,—all these in their respective departments, contribute to the wealth of the state, and to the security and protection of the essential interests of the State. The influence of each of these men is felt beyond the immediate circle of its operations. He is making the State stronger; making other States her debtor; and is putting forth an effort, which, in a few years, will place him in a position to be a benefactor, to protect and to succour those who in another State, are laboring with no other implements than their hands, and those simple mechanical aids which are furnished to the family or in the field, where their arts are only in their infancy.—*Pierpont.*

A Pun.—The following amusing occurrence took place at Kensington turnpike lately, on the return of the company from a grand assembly given to the Duchess of Kent. About three o'clock the carriage of the youthful head of the noble house of R——, drew up at the gate, when Kite, the toll collector, demanded six pence, the amount of toll for carriage and horses. The footman in livery, began to fumble in his pockets for the amount, but after first searching one pocket and then the other, he declared he had not a sous about him. The coachman was then applied to, but he assumed the same with the better excuse. Kite then opened the door of the carriage and exclaimed to her grace, who was wondering at the delay, the moneyless condition of the servants, when the noble duke, after going through the ceremony of searching his pockets, also appealed to declare that he was also cash.—His Grace however handed the collector his card, and offered to pledge his honor he would send the money down in the course of the day, but Kite, knowing the old adage, that "promises and pie crust are made to be broken," said he was a money taker and not a money leader, and not only refused to take a pledge of so fragile a nature but declared unless he had not hard cash, or some substantial substitute for it, his grace must go back again. Application was then made by the footman to a policeman, who had just come to the spot, for the loan of a "tanner," to extricate the Duke from his grandeur situation, but the poor constable was not a whit better off than the peer and his attendants, and it was not until the footman had doffed his laced coat, and left it as security, the carriage was allowed to pass.—*London Paper.*

The Pilot of Calvados contains the following affecting incident in its impressions of the 6th July—

A tragical event, of a character happily very rare in this city, is at this moment the subject of general conversation.

A young girl named Eliza Lecante, aged 17, and who exercised the profession of an engraver of opinions on funeral monuments, was buried yesterday. Behind her coffin walked a young man, who was recognized as one of the Polish officers, now resident here, who was in mourning and behaved in tears, and with more and more interrupted the priests who chanted the burial service, striking his bosom and uttering—"It was my fault—it was I who killed her." It appears that the Pole was the young girl's lover, and that on the morning preceding, poor Elien, who was in delicate health, had one of those little quarrels with her admirer, which are never followed by a renewal of love. But, also! on this occasion the lover's drama did not result in an interchange of forgiveness. At the close of their discussion, the girl's melody assumed a dangerous type, and she died the same night. At the instant they were lowering her coffin into the grave, the young man rushed through the bystanders, like a madman, and threw himself into the grave; and, before they had time to remove him, his head has sent, the report and flash of a pistol were distinguished. The unhappy youth had shot himself through the head on the coffin of his beloved. The precipitancy of the dreadful deed, however, prevented its accomplishment; and although the wound in the head is most terrible, hopes are still entertained that he may be cured.

The editor of a foreign journal, writing upon the value of time, states that "Lord Brougham, the most indefatigable man in England, often does not quit his study before midnight, and he is always up at 4. Dr. Cotton Mather, who knew the value of time in every thing, was accustomed to lose a moment of it. To effect this purpose, he had written upon the door of his study in large letters, '*Be Brief.*' Ursinus, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, willing to prevent the idlers and babblers from interrupting him in the hours of study, had written on the entrance of his library, 'Friend, whoever you may be, who enter here, be quick with your business, or go away.' The learned Scaliger placed the following phrase upon the door of his cabinet,—'My time is my estate.'—The favorite maxim of Shakespeare was, 'Consider time too precious to be spent in gossiping.' Friends are the real robbers of time, said Lord Byron. An old attorney of Chatelet was accustomed to get rid of such of his clients as were importunate in these words:—'My good friends, time not gone for nothing.' Sire, one word, said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request of a lengthy document. 'If you say two,' answered the Prince, 'I will have you hanged.' 'Sign,' replied the soldier. The Monarch surprised at his promptness of mind, immediately granted the request.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

Sale of Trees, &c.—The great demand for trees, slips and seeds of the Morus multicaulis and other varieties of the Chinese mulberry, and the high prices they are selling for in market, should admonish purchasers to guard against frauds and imposition in the sale of spurious articles. The intrinsic value of these varieties to practical silk growers, and the enormous profits which nurserymen derive from their cultivation, has already created a demand altogether beyond their ability to supply, even at the most liberal prices. This fact, in connection with the strong desire which is now manifested by many who profess to be engaged in the business, has opened the door to unprincipled speculators to palm upon the credulous, articles which are not only spurious but worthless. We have heard of no imposition of the kind in the sale of trees and cuttings; but we hear of it on individual, we hope not a random, who is said to be travelling in the Western States, and selling cabbage seed at $5 an ounce, and affirming it to be genuine Chinese mulberry seed of the first quality.

The same fraud may be easily practised upon the community in the sale of trees and slips, under the pretence of their being the Chinese mulberry. The eagerness of some men to furnish themselves, will induce them to purchase a few even at the most extravagant prices, and there are sharpers enough in the community to take advantage of it. We should not be surprised to hear that the old cabbage seed "wonder nostrum" and "horn fleas" had turned their attention to the manufacture of Chinese mulberry trees, &c. and that their agents and pedlars were selling them to large quantities and at high prices. It is to be hoped that this will not be the case, but we may as well deal with the possibility of it, a little vigilance will do no harm, and it may prevent purchasers from being swindled out of their money by dishonest men. We would therefore, recommend to gentlemen who are desirous of purchasing, to apply to nurserymen, or regular dealers, in preference to buying of travelling agents. They are generally men of character and responsibility, and there is no danger of imposition in the character of the articles they sell. The same can not be said of travelling dealers; but as long as there are but a limited number in market, there is no necessity of bawling them about the country, and we should suspect the individual who should be there engaged. We understand, however, one or two nursery men have travelling agents; but in every instance they are furnished with proper credentials, and consequently the same confidence is to be placed in them as in their employers.—*Silk Culturist.*

Manufacturing in New Jersey.—Notices have been given in the New Jersey papers that application will be made to the legislature of that State at its next session for acts of incorporation for the following manufacturing purposes. For a factory in Manchester Mill, with a capital of $100,000. For a company to manufacture paper from the bark, with a capital of $100,000. For a company to manufacture Bonnets and Bonnet Frames, with a capital of $100,000. For a company of manufacturers silk and cotton, to be located at Keyes, with a capital of $500,000. For a company to manufacture cotton and wool, to be located at Paterson, with a capital of $50,000, and liberty to increase it to $150,000. For a company to raise Mulberry trees and make silk, with a capital of $100,000 and liberty to increase it to $500,000, to be located at Stirling. For a company for general manufacturing purposes to be located at Farmington. For a company for the manufacture of Gunpowder, with a capital of $100,000, to be located at Burlington.—*Silk Culturist.*

THE RURAL BOOKKEEPER.

Food.—May be considered as a plough supper to any that can be made by the hand of man. It matters, in its nature, the minute particles of which it is composed, and of the various agent, random the soil from and from. Hence the great advantage of laying land and heavy soils open to the fluids of winter by means of full ploughing.

Sunflowers.—Sunflowers, unknown, maple trees, unknown, are names of the same indefinite, and by which a common, and, as it appears, silly supposed, perfectly harmless weed, is known in the greater part of the country. This weed, however, is not so harmless, as it is, in some places as to be quite a nuisance, and some years ago there was considerable talk of the propriety of making the sunflower, the state flower, but we suppose to be well understood. In appearance is great numbers, some years, for instance, it attains to 8 or 9 feet and high morning; but that this is not the sole cause is evident from the fact that the number of seeds, and the number of the other parts of the plant, are entirely free from them.

We know of a man, mentioned in which several of the fields of water, because, unbelievable the good manure from the manure. On clearing land out the sunflowers had accumulated to such great and almost incredible quantities, as to impart to the water the most odious and intolerable smell, and, in fact, destroy the cattle, and, when the warm weather, the water. The, in three years since, a farmer of our acquaintance sowed a large field with wheat. It came up well, but the plants on a part of the field seemed to lose ground, and, at last, not, but inclining to much, soon begin to turn yellow, and, in fact, of a first season for their growth, mostly died.—The owner, and others, examined the ground repeatedly, and no cause for the death of the plants could be discovered, unless it was the earthworm, which filled the whole of the decomposed part in countless multitudes.

Admitting these charges against the worm are just, how can its increase be prevented, or the evil remedied? We think, not a liberal dressing of quick-lime, well mixed with the soil, and, if possible, effectually?—or when it was not convenient to plough, would not spreading the lime on the surface immediately after or before a shower, during the winter, destroy the worm?—as it is well known that at such times, where the lime is thrown, the wet surface will be covered by them. When any insect or animal, however well known, shows an uncommon and disproportionate increase, it is a sure sign of some attract for notice of the farmer, as a danger to be guarded against in some shape, if at such times always to be apprehended.

Best Sugar.—The Norfolk Beacon ventures the prediction that within twenty-five years, the principal productions of the northern and middle States will be silk and sugar. To any one acquainted with the efforts which have marked the last ten years, to introduce the culture of silk in New England, and the extraordinary success which has attended them, the prediction, so far as this article is concerned, will appear visionary. With respect to the other, let no southern planter turn up his nose in contempt at the sugar, lest, perhaps, he may be called upon for cultivating the cane elsewhere than in his own genial clime. The Yankee will snap his fingers at him, and tell him he don't want the cane, as long as the MAPLE TREE can be grown in the North. We have, from time to time, seen with wonder and deep interest, the success which have reached us from France, of the manner which has attained the perfection of the sugar, which is drawn from the beet. Within a few years, sugar manufacture in that country has grown rapidly from some 30 to 50, to more than 400, and every year is adding to the number.

To Dairy Farmers.—A short time ago, a meeting of farmers was held at Withington, in Herefordshire, Mr. Upwarden, a veterinary surgeon, in the chair, when a paper was read by Mr. Burton, Esq. of Field Hall, for the purpose of exhibiting and explaining an invention of his, for milking cows. A numerous and highly respectable party, from various districts of the shire attended, when Mr. Burton exhibited the "Milking Syphon," for which he has obtained a patent. It is a small metal tube, with a syphon at the lower end, and on its introduction into the teats of the cows, the milk flows freely out of the udder, without any manual labour. Mr. Burton expressed himself confidently that, after a trial, most dairy farmers would prefer its use to the present method of milking by hand. Two objections were, however, raised against it, one, several, that the cows might be injured by the use of the syphon, and that its introduction might occasion a constant discharge of milk. Mr. Burton met by saying that experience had proved these groundless. A veterinary surgeon, present, gave it as his decided opinion that cows would not be injured by the use of the syphon. Mr. Burton's cow-man was called into the room, and any gentleman was allowed to interrogate him. He answered all questions, and said that he could milk sixteen or eighteen cows with the syphon, and would rather milk sixteen with them, than six without them. Several cows were afterwards milked in the yard with the syphon, and it was generally acknowledged with the easy manner in which the milk was extracted from the cows by this new process.

Paints for preserving Wood.—The following is the mode of making a composition for preserving wood work, given in Young's Calendar, who says, "it will preserve planks and boards for ages." It is easily made and applied, and its efficacy tested.

Melt 12 ounces of resin in an iron pot, add 2 gallons of train oil, and three or four rolls of brimstone; when melted this, add as much Spanish brown, or brown ochre, first ground fine, with as much oil as will give the required color; lay it on with a brush as hot and thin as possible; and some days after the first coat is dry, lay on another.

Spired Tomatoes.—As this is the season for securing a supply of this healthful vegetable, we congratulate all housekeepers to put up some after the following receipt. By so doing they may preserve them perfectly good until tomatoes come again.

Receipt for a basket of Tomatoes.—Take your tomatoes and your boiling water over them, skin them, then boil them well, after which add a tea cup full of salt, a tablespoon full of black pepper, one do. of cayenne, an ounce of cloves, an ounce of cinnamon, an ounce of mace, mix well, and put the tomatoes in small jars, can and seal over with paper or bladder. Prepared in this way they will keep a year.

POTATOES MARINED WITH PINE LEAVES.—A Southern paper states that pine boughs and leaves make an excellent manure for potatoes. A farmer in New Jersey having a large number of young pine trees growing on his premises, gathered a sufficient quantity of the boughs to form a considerable covering to a row of potatoes, which he planted in drills. In the drill on one side of this he used lime for manure, and on the other he put in marl. They were all covered with earth in the same manner, and received the same culture. On digging them, those that were manured with the pine were twice as large as the others, and double in quantity.

TO DR. WILLIAMS, OCULIST.

Sir,—In compliance with your public invitation, I was present when you met your patients the afternoon, in the African Church, in Locust street, above 6th. It was with extreme pleasure that I witnessed the cases of many persons, both in total as well as partial blindness, some of long standing, others of more recent date, who declared that they had received much benefit from your application to you.

And most readily do I comply with the expressed wish of those patients, to publish their warmest expressions of gratitude, for your truly important services rendered, when all other hope of recovery had entirely failed.

Several cases were presented of touching interest,—among others, that of a little girl which I believe to have been quite blind, but who, at present, is able to discern objects distinctly enough to walk about without assistance; and commence its lessons manifold play. All of the patients profess to be much improved, and most of them are very sanguine in their expectations of speedy and entire restoration.

It is indeed desirable that all suffering from such a distressing affliction would apply, hence to the success made by them at this time under your care, and reap those advantages which a kind Providence now places within their reach.

Yours in haste, WM. ROBERTS
Of the M. E. Church, Columbia, Pa.

To the Editor.

Sir.—This doth certify that Emma Hearty was born blind.—She has had the advice of several eyedoctors, and none of them done her any good. She was advised to go to Dr. Williams, doubt, having remained in darkness between fourteen six years, and by the blessing of God, she has been brought light darkness to light.

Any person wished to see the child, can call at No. 232 north Eleventh street. She is the daughter of John Hearty.

Philadelphia, October 14, 1836.

To the Editor of the U. S. Post:

Sir—Some my letter of the 10th was written, one has been handed to me by a near friend, who, no doubt, was recommended by the favored one to Dr. Williams, of the Albert Hotel, of this city. She says the letter was written by a young lady, but was dictated by herself. She thought it to be her duty to do it, out of gratitude to me. You will perceive this statement of the most extraordinary and deservedly celebrated Physicians and Oculists of this city, are sometimes, who declared her to be incurable—but I never ceased to have faith, for the present, supposed I was equal to the cure, and I am thankful to say, I can do so on another occasion. The great success attendant on your visits from the Chesapeake, and anyone of the cases, I have seen, I have heard of, and read of, and felt in my own person, I am ready to testify to, and I hope, I may be permitted to do so,